

The Nation.

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The Week.

THE news of the week is almost entirely European war news. The only thing clear in it is that the Prussians have occupied Hanover and Saxony, and will probably make Dresden their base of operations. They appear to have stolen a march on the Austrians, but many critics are trying to persuade themselves that "strategy" is at the bottom of Benedek's delay. A more probable cause is the inertness of the whole Austrian military machine. The army is too well-dressed and well-drilled for any rapid fighting to be got out of it. Radetski was the only man who ever did so, and he only on a small scale. Benedek has the reputation of being a "genius;" but genius is very apt to evaporate at the head of 400,000 men; so we must wait and see. There is no way of looking at the seizure of Hanover and Saxony which will not make it a decided gain for Prussia. It transfers the war at once to foreign territory, furnishes a good base close on the Austrian frontier, and, what is more important, will probably demoralize the smaller states and weaken the contingents they have sent to Austria. The Prussians have the advantage in artillery, theirs being, perhaps, the finest in the world, and their needle gun is said to have wonderful powers, but it has not been tried in a great war. The Austrian artillery was miserable in 1849, but has since been re-organized and improved—how much, remains to be seen. In cavalry, the Austrian superiority is incontestable; and it is no mean advantage. There has never been such a body of horse seen in the whole history of war as she can bring into the field. Those who remember the kind of "news" we received from Pennsylvania during the week preceding the battle of Gettysburg will know what value to attach to the string of telegrams from the seat of war which we shall receive for the next month by every mail. They are, of course, nearly all based on rumors carried into the telegraph stations remote from the actual scene of hostilities, by panic-stricken fugitives, who see an army in every patrol, and a great battle in every skirmish. The "cutting to

pieces" of the Darmstadt regiment, of which we have just heard, is probably a story of this kind. A regiment is never "cut to pieces" in modern warfare, except when it has to bear the brunt of an attack made on a larger force, or when it is so furious or so desperate as to refuse quarter. There is no reason to suppose that any encounter has taken place in Germany calling for the sacrifice of a regiment, and why should the Darmstadt troops be in such a condition of exaltation thus early in the contest, as to die on the field sooner than march into the Prussian camp and get their suppers? In Italy there is nothing new. The nut there is hard to crack, and La Marmora will probably find that the toughest part of the job has been imposed on him. If the Prussians were to meet with such a serious reverse as to disengage a portion of Benedek's army, Italy would have need of all her pluck and all her resources. There has not been for half a century such a convulsion in Europe, nor such a flood of misery let loose on it. War in highly civilized, thickly peopled, and wealthy countries like Italy and Germany, has horrors which in wilder and more thinly settled regions it does not carry with it.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *New York Times*, wishing to mark the change which has come over the political leaders of the South since the immediate cessation of hostilities, says that one of the best proofs of it is the ardent manner in which they are selecting their new friends. He hears, he says, Senators Cowan and Doolittle, Secretaries McCulloch and Seward, the President and Henry Ward Beecher, spoken of as kindly and as often as Lee and Davis. This is a sort of proof that does not seem to us perfectly conclusive. Altered relations imply a change of position on one side or the other—agreed; but can Mr. Truman tell us by what rule of inference he imputes virtue in the present instance? He asserts of the Southern leaders, from the Potomac to the Rio Grande, that they would cheerfully and most hospitably entertain the gentlemen named, whom, a few months ago, they would as gladly have hung. Does it make no difference whether these guests are invited or self-invited?

MR. SEWARD is said to have received printed directions for the "sure cure" of Rinderpest, pleuro-pneumonia, mange, ringworm, and grease-heel in barn-yard animals and horses, and for the relief of phthisis and tubercular affections of the lungs in the human patient. Who can doubt that the secretary will rejoice to send the beneficent remedy abroad throughout the Union, diminishing what remains of misery in a country which even yet is hardly "happy," though it is now four months and more since the 22d of February? If the British remedy is as efficacious as it is simple and cheap, the discoverer's countrymen will stand aghast merely to remember the tremendous sacrifice of personal property by the pole-axe within the last few months, and our own farmers will have every reason to be thankful to Dr. Dewor, who allows his discovery to be made known to all the world gratuitously. A small crucible is set in hot ashes, and a piece of stick sulphur of the size of a man's thumb dropped into it. The sulphurous acid gas thus generated is sufficient to fumigate thoroughly a large cattle shed in about twenty minutes. The process, which, by the way, the cattle are said to like, must be repeated four or five times a day, and the disease is soon got under. Congress will probably print Dr. Dewor's recipe, with full instructions, for general distribution.

THE "National Convention of Union Men," which is to come off in Philadelphia in August, and which is intended to build up a new party, was at first denounced and sneered at by the Democrats of these parts, but they have lately thought better of it. The *World*, on Monday, acknowledged that it would probably turn out to be of some importance, but that all would depend on the number of Republicans it drew off. Its main function will probably be to give the Southern politicians the first opportunity they have yet enjoyed since the war of spouting before a sympathetic audience at the North, and it will doubtless present a sufficient appearance of strength to throw numbers of gentlemen of the Union party of a dubious turn of mind into a fearful state of embarrassment during the summer. The mental tortures through which these people pass at periods of political transition and disorganization like the present, when there is no knowing which will be the winning side, are such as their fellow-men have little idea of.

THE investigating committee in Mr. Rousseau's assault and battery case have made a majority report, signed by Judge Spalding, Mr. Banks, and Mr. Thayer, which advocates Rousseau's expulsion; and a minority report, presented by Mr. Raymond and Mr. Hogan, in favor of a reprimand. Both reports, we are glad to see, recommend a reprimand to Mr. Grinnell for his unparliamentary and otherwise disgraceful language in debate, and they both also advise that those persons whom Rousseau had in his company, all of them armed with revolvers, shall be brought to the bar of the House to answer for contempt of its privileges. It is hardly probable that expulsion will be resorted to, for the provocation given by Grinnell is recognized as great; and whether or not Rousseau is a coward, the House probably knows that of the better part of valor the Kentuckian has but a small quantity. Yet, too, he showed a sufficiency of an evil sort of prudence when he collected his two or three ruffianly, high-toned gentlemen to assist him in the attack; and that circumstance may tell strongly against him when the House comes to a vote on his case. The whole shameful affair will hardly be regretted if it shall do something to raise the tone of Congressional debate.

BAYARD TAYLOR writes to the *Tribune* from Kansas, that on the road from Leavenworth to Lawrence he witnessed a phenomenon which had never before come under his observation. This was "the spontaneous production of forests from prairie land." Hundreds of acres, which had been protected against the ravages of fire by cultivated fields beyond, were overgrown with hickory and oak trees, from four to six feet in height. If Kansas is a type, in this respect, of the far West, the plantations proposed by Government will have a double value: they will foster the settlement of that great territory, and the settlements, in their turn, will stimulate the spontaneous growth of woods.

It is certain that New York is to have a new post-office, and almost certain that, in consequence, we are to lose the southerly portion of the City Hall Park. The city is to sell the necessary ground for \$500,000, which is said to be no more than one-third of its actual value, and the general Government is expected to erect a structure that, for size and beauty, shall be the pride of New York. At the open meeting of the commissioners, on Saturday last, the talk was mainly as between bargainer and bargainee; but Mr. Sinclair Tousey, having got leave to speak, put in a word for the inhabitants at large. Building on the park, he said, would be "robbing the poor people of a breathing-spot." Mr. Kelly answered him that "there is a river on either side of this portion of the city, distant only a few moments"—as if one could walk on the water or would walk on West Street. So Mr. Tousey's objection obtained but little attention, and a part of the park must go. As Mr. Courtney said, if it should not be taken for the post-office, it would soon be covered with horse railroad tracks. It is quite probable. Our Common Council have done enough for glory in their public-spirited onslaught upon the wealthy owners of stoops and steps in Fifth Avenue, and it is time now for some little transactions with corporations. The fact is that the park is not so pretty a place that it has

enlisted any very strong feeling in its favor, though, of course, nobody will be glad to see the green diminishing—or, rather, nobody would be glad if any other building than a decent post-office were to take its place. But the present building is altogether too bad to be suffered.

WE may expect soon to hear cries of rage from the press of the British North American provinces. For some reason, which can only be conjectured—perhaps to vindicate his claim to the title of a far-seeing statesman—Representative Banks has introduced a bill laying down conditions for admitting into the Union, as States and Territories, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Canada East, Canada West, and the adjacent districts of Selkirk, Saskatchewan, and Columbia. They are to be declared States and Territories, by proclamation of the President, as soon as they, in conjunction with Great Britain, file in the State Department their acceptance of certain propositions contained in the second section of the bill. These are not given in full by the telegraph; but among them is one under which the United States assumes the public debt of the provinces, which amounts altogether to about \$81,000,000, and also undertakes to pay \$10,000,000 to the Hudson Bay Company. Mr. Banks's "earth hunger," as the Germans say when they speak of the Anglo-Saxon passion for territorial aggrandizement, is a perfectly natural appetite, we suppose, in American representatives. In this particular case, it will probably be appeased vicariously in the person of Mr. Banks's descendants in the next generation, but there is no harm in having everything ready.

THE *London Times* is almost tender in its acknowledgments of the handsome manner in which the United States Government has put down the Fenians. Nothing can be suaver, smoother, and oilier than its manner of patting Mr. Johnson and Generals Grant and Meade on the back. All we have to do now is to wait for the philosophical article which will reach us in a week or two on Mr. Ancona's resolution in the House of Representatives, in which that body will be "handled without gloves," though "more in sorrow than in anger." We hope by that time Mr. Banks will be ready with his report on the propriety of repealing the neutrality laws. We expect great things of him, and trust we shall not be disappointed. The theme and the occasion are all tempting, and Sweeney and Roberts are waiting.

IN England, the Gladstone Ministry have, after much tribulation, suffered defeat on the reform bill, which has driven them into resigning. The majority on the second reading, as we predicted at the time, was so small as to make this result, sooner or later, all but inevitable. What with this, the financial panic, the alarming state of things on the European Continent, the arrival of the American monitor at Queens-town after a swift passage across the Atlantic, the public mind in England is gloomy enough. Mr. Whiteside, a Tory of the Tories, has suggested arbitration on the question of the *Alabama* damages, in return for American energy against the Fenians.

WE have received a great number of letters in reply to "L's" article on the obligation of telling the truth. We have published two, which we considered the ablest, but must decline to devote any more space to the discussion. We have been earnestly urged to repudiate "L's" sentiments in strong terms; but this, even though we do not agree with him, we do not feel called upon to do. We are of the number of those who believe the discussion of any question of moral or mental philosophy to be profitable, and that any code of morals or manners which will not bear discussion must be rotten. We may be sure that anybody who lies after reading "L's" letter lied before he read it; and the only advantage he is likely to derive from it is a supply of better excuses for his lying than he had been able to invent himself. Our advice to all liars is to lie no more; but we would also remind lovers of truth of the French proverb which declares that "toute verité n'est pas bonne à dire."

CONGRESS.

Thursday, June 28.—In the Senate a resolution was adopted looking to the re-organization of the Civil Service, and especially of the Post-Office, Treasury, and Interior Departments, that appointments may be made for specific terms, after examination by proper boards, and promotions on the score of merit or seniority, and dismissals upon trial or resignation; and that each branch of the service may be officered by experts. A bill was passed regulating the occupation of the mineral lands and extending the right of pre-emption.

In the House, news was read, with applause, of the ratification by Connecticut of the constitutional amendment. In the Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union, Mr. Morrill made an elaborate speech in explanation and support of the tariff bill, which was then considered for amendment.

June 29.—The Senate passed (yeas, 16; nays, 13) a bill in relation to telegraphs, of much the same purport as that freeing the railroads of the country from local monopolies; it provides, however, for Government aid in the construction of new lines that may accept its conditions, among which is the obligation to give priority to Government despatches, which are to be transmitted at rates fixed annually by the Postmaster-General. The United States also reserves to itself the right to buy all these lines at the expiration of five years.

In the House, the tariff bill was still further discussed and amended.

June 30.—The Senate insisted on its amendments to the Freedmen's Bureau bill, and ordered a committee of conference. The chief point of difference between the two Houses is the disposition of the Sea Island lands, now held by freedmen under General Sherman's order, the Senate allowing the former owners to recover them on paying for improvements, etc., while the House insists on the validity of the present tenure. A bill was passed granting lands to Kansas to aid in constructing the southern branch of the Union Pacific RR. The House Indian appropriation bill was taken up and discussed.

In the House, a bill was reported to provide a temporary government for the Territory of Lincoln. In Committee of the Whole some progress was made with the tax bill.

THE FREEDMEN.

GENS. STEEDMAN and Fullerton have reached New Orleans. In Columbus, Miss., they discovered one outrage on a freedman that did not proceed from the Bureau. A colored man had come to town to collect money due him, and while sleeping in the house, was seized by four men with blackened faces, who carried him to the woods, offered him gross indignities, and then cut off his ears. In Grenada, they found the debris of Forrest's command in lawless control of the country. Assassinations were common—the last victim being Lieut. J. B. Blanding, V. R. C., an officer of the Freedmen's Bureau—his only known offence. The freedmen of the district are laboring well; and the bulk of complaint arises from breaches of contracts to which the poor whites are parties. The latter are also at the bottom of nearly every assault and battery on the freedmen. In Alabama, it was found that the most cruel and heartless persons in their conduct toward the freedmen were the police, with which every city, town, and village is liberally supplied. They are generally low Irish or poor whites, and two-thirds of the complaints of the blacks are against them. The planters in Mississippi are beginning to learn that the best way to keep the negroes from flocking to the cities is to establish schools on their plantations.

—Gen. Saxton has written a letter to the Secretary of War denying in detail the charges of Gens. Steedman and Fullerton. He shows that so far from wishing to conceal the facts or defects of his administration by carrying away the records with him (which he had a perfect right to do), he gave special orders to his adjutant-generals, who are now serving under Gen. Scott, to retain *all* the papers, and have copies made if desired.

—Capt. S. N. Clark, an inspector of the Bureau, reports discouragingly of the state of St. Mary's and Calvert Counties, Maryland, except that he found a considerable number of the colored people owners and lessees of land. Laborers' wages are \$5 per month for women, and \$12 and \$18 for men, with rations and quarters. No schools have yet been established, and great opposition would be made to them. The apprenticing of colored children has been carried to a large extent, and the civil rights bill is quite disregarded. Judge Tuck, of Calvert, at the May term of the criminal court, sentenced five men to be sold into slavery for periods of from six to eighteen months—in one case the offence being a petty theft of a dollar's worth. These sentences were carried into effect on the 28th.

—A man in Macon Co., Tenn., is said to have acted on the idea that the abolition of the freedmen's courts was equivalent to the restoration of slavery. He was arrested and sent to Nashville.

Notes.

LITERARY.

DR. ALBERT REVILLE, the friend and literary associate of M. Ernest Renan, is about to publish in London his essay on "Apollonius of Tyana, the Pagan or False Christ of the Third Century," a very interesting account of the attempt to revive paganism in the third century by means of a false Christ. The analysis of the book says:

"The principal events in the life of Apollonius are almost identical with the Gospel narrative. Apollonius is born in a mysterious way about the same time as Christ. Like him he goes through a period of preparation; afterwards come a passion, then a resurrection, and an ascension. The messengers of Apollo sing at his birth as the angels did at that of Jesus. He is exposed to the attacks of enemies, though always engaged in doing good. He goes from place to place accompanied by his favorite disciples; passes on to Rome, where Domitian is seeking to kill him, just as Jesus went up to Jerusalem and to certain death. In many other respects the parallel is equally extraordinary."

—An interesting book and a valuable contribution to anthropological science is a book by Dr. P. M. Duncan and Mr. William Millard, who have been for some years engaged in the endeavor to raise to the highest possible pitch the individual and social condition of the idiot, the latter being the superintendent of the Eastern Counties (England) Asylum for Idiots and Imbeciles. They give the results of their experience under the title of "A Manual for the Classification, Training, and Education of the Feeble-minded, Imbecile, and Idiotic."

—Mr. Adolphus W. Ward, fellow and assistant tutor of St. Peter's College, Cambridge, has been elected by the trustees of Owens College to the professorship of English language and literature and ancient and modern history in that institution. Mr. W. Stanley Jevons, fellow of University College, London, and author of the "Investigations on the Value of Gold" and on the "Extent of the British Coal-fields," which have recently excited such a sensation in England, has been elected professor of mental and moral philosophy and of political economy in the same college. The master and fellows of St. John's College, Cambridge, have nominated the Rev. Henry Whitehead Moss, B.A., fellow and classical lecturer of St. John's, to the head mastership of Shrewsbury School, as successor to Dr. Kennedy. The governors of Shrewsbury School elect on the nomination of St. John's College. Mr. Goldwin Smith, professor of history at Oxford, will give up his chair at the end of the present year. The term for which Mr. Matthew Arnold was elected professor of poetry expires at the same time, and there is already discussion as to who his successor shall be.

—The English papers announce the death of Dr. Robert Kaye Greville, the accomplished botanist, on the 4th of June. He did much for the advancement of the study of the cryptogamic plants. He was besides an accurate and skilful artist and an active philanthropist.

—Angelo Brofferio, one of the veterans of the Italian democracy, recently died very suddenly at Lago Maggiore. He was born in 1802, and pursued law studies at Turin, though he devoted himself fully as much to literary pursuits. In youth he wrote several tragedies; in 1830, on his release from a short political imprisonment, he published a volume of political poems in the Piedmontese dialect, which obtained for him the name of the Italian Béranger. A volume of memoirs of his, "I miei tempi," is entertaining. In 1852 he wrote the "History of Piedmont from 1814," strongly marked by party spirit. His greatest historical work was the "History of the Subalpine Parliament," which he unfortunately left unfinished. In 1848 he was the editor of the "Messaggiere Torinese." Though a radical democrat, he was not a Mazzinist, but a partisan of the House of Savoy, and one of his last wishes was that he could take an active part in the coming war, in which the Italian armies march to his swan-song, the "Battle Hymn."

—To all persons who are endeavoring to understand the causes of the Austro-Prussian difficulty, and the relations existing between the different European states, two books will be very useful. One of them is "International Policy," consisting of seven essays on the foreign relations of England, by various writers, principally from Oxford,

The essays are "The West," by Richard Congreve, M.A.; "England and France," by Frederic Harrison, M.A.; "England and the Sea," by Prof. E. S. Beesly, of University College, London; "England and India," by E. H. Pember, M.A.; "England and China," by J. H. Bridges, M.B.; "England and Japan," by Charles A. Cookson, B.A.; and "England and the Uncivilized Communities," by Henry Dix Hut-ton, B.A., of Trinity College, Dublin. The other book which we allude to is "Etudes de la Diplomatie Contemporaine," by M. Julian Klaczko. These "studies" were principally written for the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and a new series on "La Crise en Allemagne" is begun there. Two pamphlets by Louis Veuillot are attracting some attention at Paris, "À Propos de la Guerre" and "La Confédération Européenne." Just as the war breaks out which is to give a final death-blow to the treaties of 1815, appears a ponderous book in four large octavo volumes (2,200 pp.), "Le Congrès de Vienne et les Traités de 1815, par le Comte d'Angeberg." Prefixed is an historical introduction. Then follow, 1, Negotiations of 1813; 2, Negotiations of 1814 to the opening of the Congress of Vienna; 3, The Congress of Vienna to the Hundred Days; 4, The Congress of Vienna to its close, June 9, 1815; 5, Negotiations of 1815 to the second Peace of Paris, November 20, 1815; and 6, Treaties and Conventions arising out of the Congress of Vienna and the Treaties of 1815. The work concludes with a chronological table and an alphabetical index.

—The lexicon of Buxtorf is daily becoming rarer and dearer, and the demands of the student of the Semitic languages are daily greater, so that there is great need of a new lexical working-over of the whole wide field of Judean-Aramaic literature. But this is a work which probably no single scholar could thoroughly do, and answer all the demands of modern philological science. Rabbi Dr. J. Levy, in his "Chaldäisches Wörterbuch über die Targumine und einer grossen Theil des rabbinischen Schriftthums," has tried to cover a portion of this ground, but with very moderate success. Competent German critics consider this lexicon as but little in advance of Buxtorf. The Ethiopic language has found a better investigator in August Dillmann, who to his Ethiopic grammar, published in 1857, and his great lexicon, published in 1865, has now added an excellent "Chrestomathia Æthiopica."

—That most charming book, at first privately printed and not intended for other publication, "Anne Paule Dominique de Noailles, Marquise de Montagu," has already reached a fifth edition. Few biographies are so entertaining as this compilation from Madame de Montagu's journals, and from the letters of herself, her sisters, and their husbands. Her four sisters married the Vicomte de Noailles, son of the Maréchal de Mouchy; M. de la Fayette, the Vicomte du Roure, and subsequently the Vicomte de Thesau, and the Marquis de Grammont. Of all volumes of memoirs relating to the period of the French Revolution none give so perfect a picture of the inner life of the aristocracy of France immediately below the throne as will be found in the extracts which are the great charm of this volume.

—The opposition journals of Paris seem to be continually getting into hot water with the Minister of the Interior. But a short time ago the "Revue Nationale," a monthly periodical, was prevented from becoming a semi-monthly, as the minister held that it was necessary for the proprietor to receive a fresh permission to publish, and that he refused to grant. Now, the "Revue Contemporaine," which has just passed over from the Government to the opposition, has received two warnings for issuing its semi-monthly numbers in a new monthly part, containing exactly the same matter. The minister certainly, by a strict interpretation, has the law on his side; but his rigid enforcement of it shows the disposition of the Government to restrict the press as much as possible.

—The French Academy have given the prize to M. Charles Giraud for the best essay on the life and works of St. Evremond, the overrated wit and writer of the seventeenth century, a subject which was proposed last year by the Academy. M. Giraud has recently issued a complete edition of St. Evremond's works, which, previous to the award, was the subject of a long and spirited debate in the Academy. The first Gobert prize has been awarded to M. Gaston Paris for his "Histoire poétique de Charlemagne;" the second to M. Léon Gautier for his work, "Les

Epopées Françaises, études sur les origines et l'histoire de la littérature nationale." The prize for the best work on French history has been a second time given to M. Théophile Lavallée for his last work, "Les Frontières de France." The book, published before the events that have brought on the actual crisis in Europe, draws from these events, apart from its scientific value, a singular interest. This second distinction given to it proves, in fact, that the French Academy openly profess, with regard to the treaties of 1815, the same aversion as the author of the Auxerre speech. This is very curious, when one recalls the opinions recently expressed by the most prominent political member of the Academy.

—When an American enumerates the chief sources of public instruction, he names the church, the school, the newspaper, and the lyceum. The Englishman knows nothing of the last. Such a thing as a lecture is not unknown, but a lecture system and a profession of lecturer have yet to exist in Great Britain. Now and then a mechanics' institute gets an address from some distinguished personage, and, as in corn-law times, a special occasion will give rise to a lecture organization *ad hoc*. Now and then, too, a member of Parliament returns to his constituents under an awful obligation to entertain them with his views of the state of the country or a record of his behavior. But men of character and learning—the lights of the pulpit and the bar, the Speaker of the House, the Attorney-General, the Chief-Justice, along with ex-office-holders and celebrities of every description—could never be induced, like their peers in this country, to traverse the kingdom in the winter season, satchel in hand, and perhaps a single well-conned discourse in the satchel, hurrying from point to point to meet their consecutive engagements now at some great city and the next night in an obscure village, for ten, twenty, or thirty pounds a night. Scarcely one of our republican "institutions" affords a more peculiar contrast between our civilization and that of the Old World than the lyceum. Mr. M. C. Tyler, a very creditable representative of "Young America" in its best sense, a graduate of one of our colleges, and for some time a minister in this State, has been for three years in England and Wales, for the most part occupied in lecturing, and we find in the British newspapers the most favorable notices of his performances. His repertory embraced lectures on America, literature, history, and education, some of the titles being "Muscular Ethics," "American Orators and Oratory," "Richard Brinsley Sheridan," "American Wit and Humor," etc., etc.

SCIENTIFIC.

THE DODO.—This is one of the few animals that have become extinct under man's observation, and, as Sir Charles Lyell has remarked, it is the only animal the date of the destruction of the more perishable parts of which is a matter of record. On the 8th of January, 1755, the vice-chancellor and curators of the Ashmolean Museum, at Oxford, voted that the stuffed skin of the dodo, bequeathed to them just a century before by Tradescant, should be removed, *ad lustrandum*, for the purification of the museum. Every feather of this bird would now be prized the world over as a relic of the extraordinary creature which the early navigators killed and ate in the Mauritius, and of which some of the Dutch painters have left drawings, among them the one with which every boy is familiar in his books of natural history. There is reason to believe from contemporary record that a live dodo was once exhibited in London. Luckily, in spite of the vote of the vice-chancellor and the curators, the head and one of the feet of the banished skin were saved, are still preserved at Oxford, and could not be bought for their weight in gold. A leg of another bird exists in the British Museum, and Reinhardt found, not long since, among some "venerable rubbish" in the museum at Copenhagen, another head. These, with a few bones, for a time constituted the only remains of this extinct animal. The history of the attempt to determine the natural affinities of this bird from the remains just referred to is an instructive one, and goes far to show that the reconstruction of an animal from a part—as a bone, a scale, or a tooth—is not the easy feat that the reading public have been led to believe. As matters now stand, he would be a hardy naturalist who would risk his reputation in the attempt.

With a head and one of the legs as a basis for an opinion, Vigors placed the dodo between the ostriches and the curassows; Blainville, followed by La Fresnaye and Gould, placed it near the vultures; and Owen regarded it as a modified bird of prey, though he subsequently changed his views. John Edward Gray, of the British Museum, pronounced the bird a fabrication, in which the trunk of one bird had received the head of a second and the legs of a third—not thinking, apparently, that this only made matters worse, since it would require one extinct animal to possess the head and another to own the feet. The masters in science were at fault. Reinhardt, of Copenhagen, first pointed out its affinities with the pigeon, and in this view was soon afterwards followed by Mr. Strickland and Dr. Melville in their admirable and exhaustive memoir. Led by the analogies of other portions of the animal kingdom, in which certain species are characterized by their retaining through life embryonic forms, these last-named naturalists brought forward the view that the dodo was a gigantic pigeon, as much larger than the existing pigeon as the moa of New Zealand is than ordinary birds, with this additional characteristic, that it had all the features of a nestling, with short wings and covering of down. For the credit of American science, we must not overlook the fact that, entirely independent of the labors of European naturalists, an eminent American ornithologist, Dr. Samuel Cabot, of Boston, from his own observations, arrived at precisely similar views, not only as to the affinity of the dodo to the pigeon, but as to the persistence of embryonic features. These views were printed in the "Boston Journal of Natural History" before the conclusions of Reinhardt, Strickland, and Melville had reached this country. The conclusions given above with regard to the nature of the dodo have been largely confirmed by recent discoveries. Some months since a considerable number of the bones of this bird were found in the Mauritius after the draining of a marsh. These have been examined by M. Alphonse Milne-Edwards, who finds them indicating a bird closely allied to the pigeons, like the vinagos, but still having certain features which make it not unlikely that a new natural family may be required to receive them.

THE RATE OF MOTION OF NERVOUS FORCE.—The quickness with which motion follows will and perception touch has generally been assumed to be immeasurable, though the astronomers long since learned that two persons observing simultaneously recorded the transit of a star at different times, in consequence of the different rates at which sensations, perceptions, volitions, and motions succeeded each other in the observers. Du Bois Raymond has recently made an attempt to measure the rapidity of the transmission of nervous force, by causing a muscle, when it contracts under the influence of a stimulus applied to a nerve, to move an index which traces a curve on a revolving cylinder or a plate of smoked glass moving at a uniform rate. If the nerve going to a muscle be stimulated at a certain point and the curve traced, and then the index be carried back to the starting point, and the nerve stimulated again at the same place as before, the second curve will be found to correspond exactly with the first. If, now, the experiment is so changed that the nerve at one trial is stimulated at a point near the muscle, and at another at a point the most distant possible from the muscle, the curves traced will no longer correspond, but will be separated by an interval determined by the difference in time required for the transmission of the nervous force over two different distances. By using an electric light, and throwing a highly magnified image upon a screen, these differences were made visible to an audience in the lecture-room of the Royal Institution.

Light moves at the rate of 300,000,000 metres per second, sound in air at 332, and a cannon ball at 552 metres per second. Nerve force, measured by the above method, is found to move only at the rate of about 28 metres, or 1,092 inches per second. Assuming the distance from the brain to the muscles on the sole of the foot at 60 inches, the transmission of a volition or a sensitive impression through that distance would require a little more than the one-eighteenth of a second. This is not far from the speed of an express train. He found that the rate of transmission was materially influenced by changes of temperature, the curves traced by the index being much wider apart when the nerve was cooled down by ice than when left at the temperature of the room.

FEMALE EDUCATION IN ITALY.*

"WE desire the education of the women of Italy in order that, by their care, *men* may be trained worthily to bear the name of Italians." Thus wrote, a quarter of a century ago, that most patriotic Italian author, Pietro Giordani, at a period when there prevailed in enslaved Italy an emasculated system of education, and methods of instruction which, instead of forming commanding intellects suited to the wants of the nation, conscientious, just, and honorable leaders to instruct and guide the masses, aimed to fill the schools with pedants and captious disputants, and to produce contentious, obstinate, jealous, and therefore weak or profligate, men.

If we would make a people great and free, we must, above all, promote the education of its women; and if we would educate the Italian people, we must begin by training the future mothers of the nation. The more solid and comprehensive the education of our women, the broader and more fruitful will be the results of our national emancipation. The political question once resolved, Italy ought to apply her whole strength to the solution of the social question, among the first elements of which is the intellectual and moral regeneration of woman.

Among the Italian teachers who are laboring for this end with intelligent and affectionate zeal, we are happy in being able to count a lady who, by the importance of her writings, the solidity of her attainments, and the elevation of her life, is now universally admitted to have acquired the right of placing herself at the head of the movement for that regeneration. Not to speak of her works on the general rights and position of women, which have been noticed with great praise by both the Italian and the foreign press,† Anna Maria Mozzoni has recently published an essay, small in volume, but pregnant with instruction, under the modest title of "A Step Forwards in Female Culture."

"The moral and intellectual education of woman is indisputably one of the most deeply felt and universally acknowledged wants of our age. Logical minds perceive that this is one of the most important corollaries of that equality which philosophy teaches, and a necessary consequence of the revolution which civil society has everywhere accepted, and which has impressed upon all social, political, and religious institutions a rapid transformation."

Upon these principles our distinguished authoress erects the whole structure of her educational system. Nor does she confine that system to the women of Italy, but applies it to the female sex in all nations which have attained a certain point in civilization. She justly observes that in all countries the condition of woman is substantially the same, or at least analogous. Everywhere woman is humiliated by legal institutions, hampered by custom and public opinion. Social statistics are largely made up of the detail of the much that is denied her, the little she has to lose. If she enjoys a condition of well-being, she owes her happiness to the individual; while the evil she suffers is due both to the individual and to the institutions. It has, therefore, seemed to her absurd to propose a system of improvement in the intellectual condition of her sex which should be limited to the special case of the women of Italy. The base upon which her thesis is constructed being the democratic idea, which cannot logically exclude a single human creature from its share of rights and duties, she could not confine to a single nationality, a single country, the beneficent effects of progress without greatly diminishing the value of the scheme and falling into inconsistencies.

We applaud the plan of an international institution in which young women should be educated according to the principles of that universal morality whose precepts command the suffrages of all nations, "it being the supreme end and aim of this plan to redeem woman from the capricious dominion of individuals, by raising her reason and her conscience to the knowledge of her duties, of her rights, and of the mission imposed upon her towards herself as an intelligent and progressive being, as an associate in civil society, as a citizen in the commonwealth, as a co-worker in the social laboratory; towards her family as a wife and as a mother, in which last point alone her situation is distinguished from that of her companion."

In approving this noble scheme we may express the hope that, as Switzerland has at Geneva her international institute for male youths, Italy may soon possess an international institute for females on her favored soil, where the human heart is still the same which beat in the bosom of the sons of Latin mothers, and which now pulsates with the fresh life inspired by the hope of the regeneration of the Italian people.

To the above remarks, which have been prepared for THE NATION by

* "Un Passo avanti nella Cultura Femminile. Tesi e Progetto di Anna Maria Mozzoni. Milano, 1866." [A step forwards in female culture.]

† "Woman and her Social Relations, on occasion of the revision of the Civil Code of Italy. Milan, 1864."

"Woman as Considered in the Project for a new Italian Civil Code. Milan, 1865."

"The Rights of Woman, a Lecture before the Pietrasanti Institute. Milan, 1865."

the Chevalier Vincenzo de Castro, of the Italian Ministry of Public Instruction, I beg leave to add some further observations on Miss Mozzoni's first-mentioned essay, "A Step Forwards in Female Culture," and on the important subject it discusses. This is an argument for an improvement in the systems of female education, based partly on historical facts, and partly on the obvious necessity of elevating the social and moral condition of woman in accordance with the democratic principles which constitute the true motive power of modern progress. Political reformers have too generally overlooked the solidarity which the laws of nature have established between the sexes. Their plans for the extension of political franchises, of civil rights, of public instruction, and of material prosperity have almost uniformly been framed as if the world was made for *man*, and that woman had no rights which the legislator or the freeman is bound to respect. The relations of master and servant, of government and people, not being founded on natural law, are not determinable by reference to ascertained or ascertainable principles, and may, therefore, to a certain extent, be arbitrarily controlled by circumstances, or by the express or implied consent of the parties. But the relative, or rather the joint, rights, duties, and interests of the sexes are fixed by laws as universal and as unalterable as the moral and intellectual constitution of man. The popular mythology of Persia fables a bird which has but a single wing, with a hook or an eye on the opposite side, and so can fly only when linked together in a pair. Man and woman are indissolubly united as such a couple, as the social complements of each other, and the highest interests of neither can be effectually promoted by any system of government, legislation, or education which does not regard with equal favor the mental and moral culture, the independent sense of right and responsibility, the material advantage and the general happiness of both. Man has, no doubt, attained to a certain greatness in some countries by whose institutions woman is debased; but, at the same time, the *progress* of man in those very countries has been marked by an improvement in the condition of woman, and his fall has always been accompanied, and too often occasioned, by the ignorance and depravity to which his institutions have reduced her.

In all existing general systems of education, the mental and moral inferiority of woman is assumed as an axiom. Man is a creature of reason, woman a creature of instinct. Hence he must have a rational, she a sensational education. Upon such a sandy ground as this all our fabric of scholastic teaching, all our domestic culture, has been founded. The iron logic of fact has proved the falsehood of the fundamental assumption, and the overthrow of this error must involve a revolution in our methods of training for both sexes. We say for *both*, because when we are able to see clearly the defects of our course of female education, we shall begin to perceive that our scheme of instruction for male youth is almost equally imperfect. The curriculum of our preparatory schools and our colleges contains absolutely no provision for social, next to none for moral, culture. Youths, while passing through them, are deprived of the humanizing influences of domestic life, and the young man comes out of the hands of his professors a coarser, a more unsocial, too often a more vicious, being than the mother's boy he has grown out of.

Coleridge, who had no liberal estimate of the intellect of woman, has nevertheless remarked that at least the physiognomy of men of the highest genius is always characterized by feminine traits of expression. We admire the womanly generosity of great conquerors more even than their powers in battle, and we worship the heroism so often displayed by women more devoutly than the most attractive exhibition of sensibility or even affection. There is no emptier, no more poor-spirited commonplace than that which describes woman as emotional and impulsive, man as rational and reflective, and hence deduces the conclusion that in woman the affections, in man the intellect, should be especially cultivated. Were the fact as assumed, the contrary course of training would be that which ought to be followed in order to foster in each sex the qualities in which it is naturally deficient. That a sickly sensibility has been often developed in women, blanching as they are by exclusion from the light and air of God's atmosphere, is, unhappily, too true, and it is not less so that the heart of men becomes hardened and their sensibilities deadened by an unsocial education, and by the habit of devoting exclusively upon women the burden of domestic duties, parental responsibilities, and personal charities.

Without insisting that the normal education of women should be in all respects identical with that of man—for that is a question which experience alone can determine—it is not extravagant to say that such facilities of instruction as they have the will and the power to turn to profitable account should be placed as freely at their command as they now are at the command of men, and that, if it be found expedient to make some distinction in special branches of their respective courses of study, the methods should be

substantially the same, and the education of the sexes should be so far assimilated as to effect in each the development of the moral and intellectual traits which command our highest reverence and admiration in either.

Besides this, provision ought to be made for exceptional cases in either sex. If a man happens to be so constituted that he can labor to greatest advantage in departments usually occupied by women; if, on the contrary, a woman is so organized that she can, most profitably to herself and to the commonwealth, perform such work as men habitually perform, there is no good reason why the exceptional individual should not be trained to labor in the exceptional field. The truth is, we know next to nothing at all about the relative powers and capacities of the two sexes. We have remained in blank but wilful ignorance of the whole matter. Obscurantists, civil and religious, prate about the lessons of experience. We have nothing that is fit to be called experience on the subject. Commonplace saws and shallow generalizations, indeed, we have in abundance; but of philosophical *experience*, which consists in well-devised *experiment*, nothing.

Mr. De Castro has well expressed the fundamental wrong in the position of women. If they enjoy a condition of well-being, they owe their happiness to the individual, to the exceptional virtue or indulgence of those upon whom brute force, organized into unjust law, has made them dependent, while the humiliation and misery of what has been regarded as their normal status is due in the greatest measure to the brazen network of arbitrary institutions which has everywhere enchained them. When a woman is set free from this miserable state of dependence by the death of those whom in bitter, but unconscious irony, society calls her "natural protectors," she is found, in the great majority of cases, quite as well able to provide for herself and to live respectably as her *unprotected* brothers. For one female mendicant, except in priest-ridden countries, ten sturdy male beggars will ask your charity, and in all lands the male idlers are greatly more numerous than the female.

The first duty of society to woman is to emancipate her from artificial restraints, to pass a "Civil Rights Bill" for her benefit, and to leave her to obey the impulses of her organization, mental and physical, as freely as man. Make her an independent *being* (or rather equalize the natural interdependence of the two sexes), compel her no longer to remain the *scullion* thing into which your institutions are constantly striving to transform her. But you say the powers of women are limited, and her position fixed by natural law. Very well, then, if nature has made such laws as you suppose, why not leave it to nature to enforce them? All violations of natural law inevitably and inexorably involve their own punishment, and nature does not require the help of any self-appointed interpreter to define and apply the penalties for offences against her. Make woman legally and socially the peer of man, afford her equal if not identical means of education, give free scope to the natural laws which determine the relations, powers, and positions of *both* sexes, and all the points, the bare suggestion of which so shocks the wiggeries, owleries, and cowleries of social and religious old-fogyism, will settle themselves far better than man's wisdom can regulate them.

In Italy, the country with whose social condition Miss Mozzoni is naturally most familiar, women are under substantially the same disabilities as elsewhere in Christendom, and they have for many centuries suffered under still more cruel oppressions—the despotism of the priesthood, embracing, of course, the confessional, and the deleterious influence of a conventual education, two of the most powerful instruments of moral degradation and intellectual debasement which have ever existed in any form of human society.

If we take the history of the Italians for the six last centuries, as a whole, we must allow them to be, if not in every respect the first, yet at least the most variously gifted, people of modern times, and their women, whenever temporarily or accidentally released from the restraints of what Miss Mozzoni justly calls "Catholic misogyny," have always maintained the same relative superiority as the men. In the second section of her essay Miss Mozzoni enumerates very many distinguished Italian women, and she might have added many highly illustrious names to her list of those who have shed honor on Italy; for, not to speak of minor celebrities, she does not mention among her learned countrywomen Olympia Morata, perhaps the greatest of them all, nor among Italian female artists the admirable Elisabetta Sirani, of Bologna, who, like her celebrated townsman, Properzia dei Rossi, is said to have fallen a victim to the professional jealousy of a male rival.

In the early part of the sixteenth century, during the brief period when even the Church itself, the very sanctuary of darkness, was threatened with a profane irruption of light, the number of learned, genial, and liberal Italian women was so large that it is very doubtful whether all the rest of Europe together contained so many as the Italian peninsula alone, and they have always taken a conspicuous part in every movement for the enlightenment and redemption of their country. But the priesthood still retains the hold upon the great majority of them, and Garibaldi never uttered a more preg-

nant truth than when he said that the instruction, elevation, and emancipation of woman was among the most powerful means and most indispensable conditions of the regeneration of Italy.

Not above one-fifth part of the total Italian population is able to read and write, and as girls are generally excluded from schools taught or controlled by priests, it is very questionable whether one Italian woman in ten, upon the average, knows her alphabet. The moral and intellectual degradation of the people and the influence of the priests—which, in social arithmetic, are generally convertible terms—are in all parts of Italy measured by the ignorance of the women. In large Italian towns, former capitals of the old duchies, I have known women who, in purchasing an article costing twelve sous, could not tell how many coppers they were to receive out of the *lira* they had given the shopman, and who, in fact, could not even count ten. And yet these women, though regular church-goers, have been persons of quick native intelligence, and capable of performing extremely well the mechanical duties of the routine in which they had been trained. Since the organization of the kingdom of Italy the army has been, as a seminary of popular instruction, a school worth all the rest, and it has thus abundantly compensated the pecuniary sacrifices it has cost the nation. Illiterate recruits are taught to read, write, and compute, by the officers. They learn, many of them for the first time in their lives, that they have a country, a government, between which and themselves exist reciprocal rights and duties. "Every discharged soldier from the southern provinces," said a distinguished Italian to me, "is a missionary of knowledge and civilization;" and I have scarcely ever witnessed a greater transformation of the individual than that from the raw, half-human, priest-fearing, and God-denying Calabrian conscript to the trained Italian soldier of three years' standing. From the advantages of the military establishment women, of course, are excluded, and the enlightening and liberalizing influences of the new institutions have not yet shown themselves effectual in raising the sex from the ancient condition of ignorance, servility, and debasement.

To dispel the blackness of darkness which broods over her sisters is the vast and noble scope of Miss Mozzoni's ambition. Beginning, as of course in such a state of society she must, with those who are in a condition of comparative material superiority, she proposes the establishment of schools in which the period of instruction should be six years, the course of study being fixed for the first three, optional during the last half of the term. The entire range for which she designs that instruction shall be provided would be as comprehensive, at least, as that in most American colleges, and her plan embraces also arrangements for physical and social training, as well as for what are called "accomplishments" in our educational nomenclature. I see nothing objectionable in the details of her scheme except that she seems to me to have fallen into the common error of attaching too much importance to the study of living foreign literatures and giving too little prominence to that of classical language, the Latin especially, which, as a mental discipline, is worth all the rest. The most common defect in female education is the want of *exactness* of knowledge, and they are not habitually trained to scrupulous precision in the forms and logical relations of words or of philosophical conceptions. In regard to a large class of the objects of thought, mathematical studies enforce the habit of exact appreciation and distinction; but for a still larger, a thorough acquaintance with the admirable mechanism of the Latin language is the best of all educational disciplines. It must be admitted, however, that the requirements of education in Italy are, in this respect, quite different from what they are in the United States. The Italian language itself, to those to whom it is native and acquired without effort in the nursery, supplies, though imperfectly, the place which Latin demands in an American education, and French has, unhappily, obtained so universal a currency in Italy as to have very seriously interfered with the rights of the vernacular, and become an absolutely indispensable social accomplishment. Every Italian must know his provincial dialect, French, and the *lingua commune*, or book-language, of Italy. This to the Tuscan is a mother-tongue, to his fellow-citizens of other provinces a foreign speech, which he too often knows least perfectly of the three he is obliged to acquire. An American ought to know but one form of English, and if to that he adds a familiar acquaintance with *written* French and German, he has all the attainment in *modern* philology which, to persons not specially addicted to linguistic pursuits and not contemplating residence or travel abroad, is worth the labor of acquisition.

Miss Mozzoni's project has been received with much favor in high quarters, and, unless the war which is now threatening Italy shall delay the realization of her hopes, it is highly probable that a liberally organized and endowed female high school will soon be put in operation under her direction. Persons engaged in instruction in Italy complain of the want of good

manuals in all the branches of education, theoretical treatises on the subject, reports of the organization and management of such public and private schools as have proved successful, scholastic apparatus of all sorts, information of all kinds, in short, except mere catalogues of pupils. Persons who are disposed to aid the cause of female education and progress in Italy may render important assistance by contributing such publications; and any books, maps, educational apparatus, or the like, which may be lost with Scribner, Welford & Co., publishers, New York, for that purpose, will be duly forwarded to Miss Mozzoni.

VIATOR.

ROME, June 10, 1866.

MARCY'S ARMY LIFE ON THE BORDER.*

A BOOK of adventure is generally as interesting to read as it is easy to write. Traversing, as it does, the debatable ground between fact and fiction, the author can give free play to his fancy without incurring the reader's suspicion that he is trespassing beyond the limits of truth. And, indeed, most books of this character, if they deal only with realities, are as full of thrilling incident as it is possible for any story of fiction to be. That they are easy to write may be inferred from the manner in which they are usually written.

We may say, then, that Colonel Marcy has made a very readable and entertaining book, though it be without any pretensions to literary merit even of the average sort, for he has written a book of his adventures on the Western border as an army officer, extending over a period of nearly twenty years, and embracing an experience more varied than could have fallen to the lot of any ordinary explorer. The book may possess additional interest from the reason which the author gives in his preface, that it treats of subjects which are fast becoming matters of history, as soon they will be no longer matters of observation. We quite agree with him, and suspect that whatever little value his rambling sketches have arises from the fact that they do so largely treat of the habits and characteristics of a race of men that soon will cease to exist except in fable. And yet we must find some fault with Colonel Marcy even here, for all that he says about the Indians conveys but little knowledge of their actual condition, never gives a hint as to how their condition can be improved, or how the ruthless process of extermination practised upon them by the civilized whites can be arrested. Colonel Marcy tells of hair-breadth escapes of hunters from the savages, and how the warriors hunt and fight and the squaws steal, and of their remarkable instinct to follow a trail, etc., but this is about all. Anything like a profound discussion of the real wants of the Indians, any suggestions of wisdom or humanity in respect of the course to be pursued toward them, Colonel Marcy does not give. Something of this sort we might have expected in the published work of a man who has spent twenty years of his life in fighting or making treaties with them, and who, more than any one else, has had opportunity to make himself acquainted with their character and their necessities. For one thing, writing in the interest of humanity, we have to thank Colonel Marcy—he does not follow the lead of almost every other soldier who has had dealings with the tribes in advocating the cold-blooded policy of extermination. He is not unable to see in every instance of border outrage that as much blame attaches to the white as to the savage. Perhaps, then, it is to his praise that the Indian and the buffalo are alike objects of interest to him, and that he equally regrets the probable fate of both.

Of Colonel Marcy himself, as portrayed in his book, or rather as suggested, for he does not spend many words upon himself, something may very well be said. In the din and bustle which the great reputations of the hour are making we are apt to forget many who have some claim upon our gratitude and respect, if there is no trumpet to proclaim their merits. Not many officers in the service have, we dare say, rendered more substantial benefits to the country than has Col. Marcy. We do not refer to anything he has done in the late war—as he does not allude to that, neither shall we—we refer to the laborious expeditions of which he had command that, from the years '48 to '60, at different periods contributed such signal advantages, by their persevering zeal, to the early and comparatively peaceful settlement of our Western possessions. The difficulties which he had to contend against can hardly be over-estimated. The perils of Indian warfare formed but a small part of these difficulties; the explorer had to contend against Nature herself. In this volume is given a graphic account of the passage over the Rocky Mountains from Utah into New Mexico, in order to obtain supplies for General Johnston's invading army. This was accomplished by Colonel Marcy with one hundred men in the dead of winter, and is, we believe, without parallel among all the adventures of our Western explorers.

* "Army Life on the Border. By Col. R. B. Marcy, U. S. A." Harper & Brothers, New York.

Fifty-one days were spent amongst the snows of the desolate mountains before the expedition reached Fort Massachusetts. Though the hardships encountered were incredible, so that almost every beast of burden succumbed to them and died in the passes, yet such was the tact and discretion with which the enterprise was conducted that not a single human life was sacrificed. Colonel Marcy received many testimonials of consideration from the commanding general, as well as from the public, but not more than he deserved. We think this march of Marcy and his company over the mountains should be esteemed as one of the most notable achievements on all our military records.

Colonel Marcy also had command of the expedition which, by order of the War Department, explored, in 1852, the north branch of the Red River to its sources. He was accompanied on this expedition by George B. McClellan, then a brevet-captain in the corps of engineers. This expedition, if less arduous, was more important in its results than the one we have previously mentioned. The couple of chapters devoted to it are the most interesting in the volume. The topography of the country is minutely described, and its geological resources copiously illustrated. Colonel Marcy was the first, we believe, to explore and call attention to the most wonderful geological phenomena on our continent, the cañons of the Red River. A description of these in the shape of a lecture, now embodied in these chapters, drew the attention of Professor Hitchcock, who was materially aided by it in his own scientific researches.

In 1854, Government employed Colonel Marcy to locate the reserved lands in Texas for the Southern tribes of Comanche Indians. This he attempted, and, so far as was possible, accomplished. He made as good locations as circumstances would permit, and by his personal influence induced a large number of the Comanches, under one of the most powerful chiefs, to begin settlements upon them. As the mission was a failure in the end, it may be well to give Colonel Marcy's reasons for its barren results:

"After the Indians had made considerable improvements upon their lands, their value was so much enhanced that they became an object worthy the attention of those lawless border robbers that inhabit Western Texas, and, as I was informed, they organized a large force, went to the reservations, and, without the slightest provocation from the Indians, attacked and indiscriminately murdered many of the men, women, and children. Those that escaped the foul massacre made their way into the plains, and this pretty much broke up the settlement."

Colonel Marcy is, if not a humorist, quite a lover of the humorous, and many of his pages sparkle with illustrations of backwoods life. Some of the stories are quite old, and we doubt if the author was the first who heard them; but then they are so good it will do to repeat them. Others, again, are pretty broad; but their relation may be excused when we reflect that border wit is never of the chastest description. That peculiar race of beings, half savage, half civilized, the pioneer hunters of the West, is admirably set off.

Our limits will not permit us to give quotations from the most readable portions of the volume, which we should be glad to do, or indeed to spend more time upon the work itself. We again commend it, as we began, by calling it a pleasant and readable book. An idle hour can be spent very profitably in glancing through its genial pages.

Influence of Climate in a Commercial, Social, Sanitary, and Humanizing Point of View. By J. Disturnell. Also a paper on the Influence of Climate in the Equatorial Regions. With a map. (D. Van Nostrand, New York, 1866.)—This memoir contains an abstract of some of the chief subjects in the science of physical geography. It points out the isothermal lines, and shows the extent of the zones over which animal and vegetable life is spread, whether dependent on latitude or elevation above the surface of the earth. If one goes northward from the equator and ascends the mountains on the equator, he will find in either case a series of plants, and in some measure of animals, ranging from the tropical to the arctic kinds. Between the two extremes in latitude comes the "favored zone," where man and the most useful animals and valuable plants flourish to the greatest advantage, and where civilization is the most progressive. This zone has an average temperature of about 50° F., and is mostly comprised between 40° and 60° N. latitude. It is one of the chief objects of the memoir to show the relation of climate to the health and progress of the human race; this relationship is not elaborated, but only indicated. A good map on which the isotherms and zones are plainly indicated by a series of tables showing the distribution of heat and moisture, and the height of towns and mountains above the level of the sea, all compiled from various published works, make the memoir a source of interesting information to those who have never given their attention to physical geography.

Crumbs from the Round Table. A Feast for Epicures. By J. B. (New York: Leypoldt & Holt.)—To the true epicure "the ating and the drinking," as an Irish philosopher called the main business of his life, is a serious subject of discourse. In these essays "J. B." only plays at being a luxurious

feeder. It is not to pamper his stomach or to teach others to do so that he is an epicure, but to make our mouths water if he can by titillating our imaginations. He tries to write the poetry of that science of which the cook-books give us the prose. Most men, therefore, eating to live will overlook the affected enthusiasm of the author and think that if any one chooses to condemn himself to trifling of that sort—smacking his lips over salacious dabs of oysters, and groaning over American gravies for pages together—he has leave to be as trifling as he chooses. But the book pretends to be nothing more than it is, and probably no one will undertake its perusal expecting to find more in it than the means of getting rid of a lazy hour.

The Angels' Song. Thomas Guthrie, D.D. (New York: Alexander Strahan & Co.)—"Where death, with grim and grisly aspect, stood by the mouth of an open grave, shaking his fatal dart, we see an angel form opening with one hand the gate of heaven, and holding in the other a shining crown," etc., etc. This is not very forcible thinking nor very forcible writing; indeed, it is flat and worthless as anything needs to be, but, such as it is, it is Dr. Guthrie's. It is a specimen of the substitute for writing and thinking with which he has flooded the religious world of England, and which he is now, by the help of his publisher in New York, to pour out over the religious world of America. He is one of the not small class of writers who suggest to us John Foster's question: "It was necessary for them to be Christians, but what made it necessary for them to be authors?"

PARIS GOSSIP.

PARIS, June 15, 1866.

THE proverb, "It is an ill wind that blows nobody any good," is just now receiving an illustration that demonstrates the truth of that other proverb, "Extremes meet;" the "rumors of war" now filling Europe in general, and Germany in particular, exercising a deterrent influence on the migrations of the gay world, and retaining in this city, to the great satisfaction of its various corporations of luxury-mongers, the birds of passage on whose absence the hotel-keepers of the fashionable German watering-places are now so mournfully meditating.

Under these exceptional circumstances, the purveyors of amusement are hastening to show themselves "on a level with the situation." The elegant and spacious theatre of the Châtelet, one of the great white piles of free-stone recently erected under the shadow of the beautiful old tower of St. Jacques de la Boucherie—now cleared of its former ignoble surroundings, and finding itself in the centre of a charming public garden—is bringing out as the heroine of a fairy-opera that old friend of the Anglo-Saxon childhood, "Cinderella." The new piece, which is expected to throw into the shade even the stupendous fairy piece of the "Woodland Doe," that has had a run of nearly four hundred nights, is the joint production of MM. Clairville, Albert Monnier, and Ernest Blum, boasts five kilometres of magnificent scenery, and an assortment of splendid costumes that has cleared the Lyons warehouses of their most splendid tissues. A certain scene, in which figure a legion of turnspits all dressed in white satin and silver, may suffice to give an idea of the sumptuosities of costume lavished on the more important personages through a series of twenty grand *tableaux*. The Gymnase Theatre is drawing immense crowds to its new piece, "The Whirlwind," which had the honor of being repeatedly applauded a night or two ago by their Majesties and the little Prince. "Le Chevalier Lubin," by Boieldieu, is in great vogue at the Fantaisies Parisiennes, its charming melodies appearing as fresh as ever; and the famous open-air concerts of the Champs Elysées, under the consummate management of M. Beccelièvre, are, next to the Bois de Boulogne, the most fashionable rendezvous of the "high-flyers" of the capital. The choiceness of the music, the admirable execution, and the excellent tone of these charming concerts, held in one of the prettiest gardens of this city of pretty gardens, all concur to make them something very near perfection in their line. So extensively are they patronized by the best society, that they may be said to offer a sort of bird's-eye view of the wealth and distinction of the capital.

The daily drive in the Bois, which has become an essential element of the fashionable existence of Paris, now takes place in the evening, the favorite time for this promenade being from seven to ten, or even later. Nothing can be prettier, in its way, than the sight of that charming park lit up with innumerable lights, the pretty gondolas shooting over the lake with their gay Chinese lanterns, and the lamps of the dense stream of carriages showing through the trees like clouds of fire-flies. So marked is the tendency of the fashionable world to

prolong its nocturnal inhalation of the cool and perfumed air of the Bois, that it is gravely proposed to obtain the requisite authorization of the prefect for the erection, on the favorite points, of tents that might serve as sleeping-places for their respective owners. These structures are to be of striped silk, fitted up with curtains, hammocks, sofas, and a few chairs. The owners of each tent would bring one or two servants, a hamper of *friandises*; and, after indulging in the usual slow drive through the favorite alleys and round the lakes, would retire to their improvised shelter, and there receive the visits of their acquaintances, to whom the iced coffee, sherbets, and cream, the *pâtés* and *galantine*, redolent of truffles, and the tiny glasses of delicate *liqueurs*, would be hospitably offered. Conversation would be kept up, under the canopy of the elegant little tent, and to the softened light of well-screened lamps, on cool nights—under the canopy of heaven, and to the light of moon or stars, on sultry ones; the aristocratic colony thus making and receiving visits until sunrise, when all would retire to their respective hammocks and sleep in the quiet and freshness of their sylvan *faubourg*, returning to Paris in time to dress for the “second déjeuner,” which forms so important a feature in the commissariat department of “the metropolis of Europe.” What the municipality of the Seine will say to this Arcadian project remains to be seen. Meantime it is warmly advocated by many leaders of the *ton*, who would fain provide themselves with a substitute for the usual summer dissipations of which M. von Bismark has so effectually “done his little possible” to deprive them.

The importation of racing has been so successful here that the sporting world is now doing its best to import that other English passion which manifests itself under the forms of boating and yachting. The French have no natural liking either for horses or for water, but their vanity has been so agreeably tickled by the brilliant successes of *Gladiator* that they have jumped to the conclusion that, although they have been slow in recognizing their vocation, they are really born for the turf, and, should the recently-started regatta clubs succeed in winning a laurel or two upon fresh water, it is just possible that a few of the more adventurous spirits may essay their skill on the broader field of salt water. The accidental injury which has lamed *Gladiator*, and compelled his premature retirement from the scene of his well-earned triumphs, may possibly exercise a sedative influence on the novel enthusiasm of the Parisians for the race-course; as any beatings which the new boating-clubs may receive at the hands of English crews would probably suffice to calm down the desire now felt to humble the pride of the “Insulars” on what they have so long had the audacity to regard as their native element.

One of the historic shows which French towns are so fond of getting up, and which, in their way, are well worth seeing, is about to take place at Valenciennes, which ancient town, from its earliest days, has always been remarkable among its Flemish sisters for its passion for this sort of pageant, and which, among other reminiscences of a similar character, still boasts of the representation given by it, in 1547, of “the life, death, and passion of Jesus Christ,” a grand and magnificent spectacle which occupied the streets of that old Flemish town during twenty-one consecutive days. The grand show now being organized on so magnificent a scale by the Valenciennes of to-day is to represent “humanity marching in the path of civilization and of progress,” and is to consist of thirty distinct groups, forming so many tableaux, and in which will figure a couple of thousand people, all “made up” with the utmost splendor. The tableaux will represent Egypt, Judea, Chaldea, Assyria, Phœnicia, Persia, Greece, Rome under Augustus, the Arabs under the caliphs, the Crusaders, the establishment of franchises, Paganism, Judaism, Christianity, the discovery of the Indies, of America, of Australia, of printing, of steam, of electricity, the Revolution of '93, the Consulate, Empire, and first half of the nineteenth century, the whole with the accompaniments of flags, banners, music, costumes, triumphal chariots, etc., etc.—a programme which will enlist all the grandees in the neighborhood and draw its hundreds of thousands of spectators from every corner of France, to the jubilation of the innkeepers and shopkeepers of the old centre of the lace-making art.

Paris has had but a single *fête* during the past week, the dinner and *soirée* given by their Majesties, at the Palace of the Elysée, to the Grand

Duchess Helen, of Russia, and her daughter. After the dinner, to which only thirty guests were invited, the “august” people, reinforced by the five hundred favored mortals honored with invitations for the *soirée*, adjourned to the beautiful garden of the palace, so exquisitely laid out and kept, and shaded with some of the largest and finest trees to be found in all France, when, at a signal given by the Empress, the entire garden, with all its contents, to the tops of the trees, was instantaneously illuminated by the aid of electrical suns, magnesium and Bengal fires, presenting a scene of the most striking character, and not to be surpassed in its own way. Every corner of the grounds was as light as day; the smallest print might have been read, or a pin picked up, in any part of the garden, with the utmost ease. The band of the Guard and choruses from the opera played and sang at intervals through the evening. An immense crowd had gathered outside (the hirers of chairs making a handsome thing of the event) and remained there through the evening, admiring the illumination and enjoying the music. The Emperor and Empress, who show to particular advantage when doing the honors of their hospitality in the informal style adopted on these occasions, mingled with their guests throughout the evening, and seemed to enjoy the affair as heartily as anybody present. Queen Emma, of the Sandwich Islands, who has been wintering in Hyères, has also been received by their Majesties, and was present at the fairy-like scene got up in honor of the Russian Highnesses.

What may have been the *menu* of the banquet on the occasion in question has not transpired; but M. de Girardin's new paper, *La Liberté*, which is endeavoring to captivate the good graces of the public by publishing every day the skeleton of a dinner, for the edification and convenience of its lady-readers, has just published the list of the dishes served a few days ago, at lunch and dinner, at the Imperial table, which is as follows:

DÉJEUNER OF THEIR MAJESTIES.

Roast fowl; fried calves' brains; veal-cutlets à la hollandaise; stewed beef, à la paysanne, with jelly; omelette with minced herbs; potatoes à la Maître d'Hôtel; Dampfdonilles à l'allemande.

DINNER OF THEIR MAJESTIES.

Spring soup with queuelles of fowl; meat soup with Italian paste; rissoles à la russe; turbot with Dutch sauce; ham stewed with vegetables; lamb-cutlets, spigam of chicory; fat fowls à la Périgueux; crépinettes of game à la Montaigrene; darne of salmon, rémolade sauce; little galantines à la parisienne; ducklings from Rouen; young chickens; asparagus; green peas à la française; Plombières biscuits; lightnings of coffee; orange jelly; strawberry profiteroles.

All Paris is busy studying these two lists, but no one seems to know anything about “Dampfdonilles,” “crépinettes,” and “profiteroles,” which are considered to be either old friends with new names, or new inventions of the culinary genius of the Imperial kitchen.

While Paris is thus studying the delicacies of the Imperial table, Marseilles is preparing for the approaching gathering of *savans*. M. Leverrier is gone thither to look after the interests of the stars; M. de Lesseps is expected to report on the progress of the canal; and the opponents of the theory of “spontaneous generation” are amusing themselves with declaring that the learned “preparator” at the Museum of the Garden of Plants (son of the inventor of that famous theory) is going off to “the Phœnician City” to favor the assembled *savans* with an account of his efforts, hitherto unsuccessful, to hatch three crocodile-eggs (two of them white and one red), presented to him last winter by a traveller returned from the East, with a view to “dotating” France with a new article of food—stewed crocodile being declared by the said traveller to be both palatable and nutritious in a high degree. The failure of the learned young doctor to hatch these eggs, which he is said to have carried constantly in his bosom for the last seven months, wrapped in a flannel waistcoat especially donned for that purpose, is attributed to the fact of their not being crocodile-eggs at all, but three billiard balls, abstracted from a “hell” at Cairo, by the perfidious “friend,” a Pasteur-ite in disguise, who has taken this unhandsome method of having a side-thing at the obnoxious theory, by perpetrating an unjustifiable hoax on the learned son of its learned inventor.

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of THE NATION should be addressed to the Editor.

THE WAY THE TARIFF IS SETTLED.

THE incompetency of Congress for the task of dealing with great questions of finance and taxation was clearly demonstrated during the war, notably by the almost pitiable imbecility with which in these matters it followed the lead of anybody who pretended, with a bold front, to be better informed than the mass, as in the case of Mr. Thaddeus Stevens and his gold bill. A commission composed of men who had made these subjects their study was accordingly very properly appointed to investigate and report upon our whole system of taxation, and suggest such changes in it as they should deem proper. They made their report. It was universally admitted to be able and well considered, and, on the whole, the most valuable contribution to the literature of political economy to be found amongst our state papers. It met with the warm approbation of the Secretary of the Treasury, was heartily welcomed by the public, and it was generally believed that when it was laid before Congress that body would have the modesty and good sense to be guided by it. When the tariff and internal revenue came up once more for discussion, most of us expected to see the report adopted as the basis of all modifications to be made in the actual system.

It is, however, only with regard to the internal revenue that the slightest attention seems to have been paid to it. The commission not only recommended a vast reduction of the excise duties on most branches of native industry, their total abolition in the case of a large number, but spoke strongly against an attempt to increase the customs duties, believing that they were already sufficiently high to satisfy even strong protectionists, while not too high to excite a very active opposition, under all the circumstances, from free-traders, while any increase in them would be pretty sure to rouse popular discontent, to say nothing of the effect it would be likely to produce on the revenue returns. What we all wanted to see, and what we had a right to see, was a full and fair discussion of this report by Congress, before the country. We had a right to know, from members themselves, in open debate, what they had to say against its conclusions. But we have not been favored with any such information. The tariff has, like most other questions of importance nowadays, been discussed secretly in committee; and a new bill reported to Congress, at the tag-end of the session, when the hot weather has set in, members begun to be anxious to get home, and when the chances of rushing it through under the hour rule and the previous question are more than usually good. What influences have operated to reduce it to its present shape, what share the members of the committee have had in its creation, we shall never know. Its submission to the two Houses is a mere matter of form. Mr. Morrill's speech in elucidation of it was a mere matter of form. Nobody supposes that it is the arguments which he puts forward that have had most to do with bringing it to its present shape. The real work of drawing it up was done in the lobby, and consisted not in legislating on certain great principles, with the convenience of the whole country kept steadily in view, but in an elaborate effort to appease the various "interests" whose agents and deputies besieged the committee-room, and cajoled or threatened or seduced the members. And so little shame is there felt over the haste and the secrecy by which the whole process has been marked, that the New York *Tribune* gloats over the speed with which the bill is being "put through," or, in other words, the increasing contempt for discussion and publicity which Congress is every year displaying.

Now, what the country wants of Congress is a financial policy, and not a succession of makeshifts. Our financial system must be based on some rule or other, whether it be the protectionist rule or the free-trade rule, to make it possible for merchants and manufacturers to carry on their business without needless loss and vexation. Has the country decided upon adopting a policy of protection, and making the revenue subservient to the exclusion of such foreign products as compete with native ones? If so, protection, like every other piece

of legislation, must be steady and consistent; must, in short, be based on a rule which everybody understands, and on the existence and enforcement of which traders and manufacturers can count one, two, or three years ahead. At present nothing is fixed. Nobody knows what the duty on any article will be three months hence any more than if he lived in Turkey or Persia. This year one "interest" will tell Congress that fifty per cent. duty will satisfy it, and fifty per cent. is accordingly clapped on. Next year the same interest will besiege the Committee of Ways and Means for an increase of twenty-five per cent., and will get it, though the whole industry of the country be thrown into confusion by the change. To make the matter worse, too, no enquiry is ever made into the reasons which prevent an "interest" from being able to compete with foreigners. It may be bad management, incompetency, careless workmanship, want of energy—defects which additional protection will only increase, for which the public will have to suffer, but the story of the lobby is always taken as a complete explanation of the matter, and on goes the duty.

To deal with applications of this nature arbitrarily, as Congress does, and secretly as Congress does, is probably one of the most fertile sources of corruption ever opened in any age or country. If protection of native industry be resolved upon as a means of qualifying the home producer to compete with the foreigner at some future period, either the period at which protection shall cease should be carefully fixed, or else the amount of protection should not be so great as to be absolutely prohibitory. Even American human nature, energetic as it is, cannot bear a complete release from the ordinary stimuli to exertion. There ought to be some point at which the indolence, or wastefulness, or recklessness, or negligence of the home producer would release the public from their dependence on him. But, as long as he has only to go to Congress to ask for an increase of duty, without other explanation of his difficulties than he chooses to give, there is practically no limit whatever to the extent to which he may impose on his countrymen, except that created by the competition of his neighbors. In many branches of business, however, this amounts to nothing. In a country in which capital is so scarce as this, combinations are not difficult, and monopolies will abound. In short, under any system of protection which can lay the slightest claim to statesmanship in conception or execution, the amount of duty required for the support of each branch of industry should be the subject of public investigation by a competent commission, and the evidence and arguments by which its application for an increase are supported should be in everybody's hands, not just as the bill is being hurried through, but time enough for the public to think about them and talk over them. The plan at present followed not only inflicts great loss and inconvenience on traders, but is sure to cause before very long a violent reaction against the whole protective system. Its advocates at present owe much of their success to the absorption of the public mind in the reconstruction problem and the association of high duties with the maintenance of the public credit. If they are wise, they will content themselves with moderate triumphs. The good they promise is distant, and the inconvenience by which they propose to purchase it is immediate and pressing; and they have to deal with a public which will not consent, except temporarily and under strong pressure, to postpone its enjoyment of any of the good things of the world. The high prices of everything are already pressing on all but the rich with great severity. Scarce as labor is, wages are, estimated as they should always be estimated, not in money, but in the necessities of life, exceedingly low; and yet, in the teeth of this, an enormous increase of taxation is proposed on iron and steel—the articles on the cheapness and abundance of which every branch of the national industry, from the hoeing of a potato to the transportation of the national products, depends for success. Surely an attempt, at such a juncture, to lay a heavier burden on an article of this sort is a signal illustration of the madness as well as of "the falsehood of extremes."

POLITICAL VALUE OF THE SOUTHERN UNIONISTS.

A LETTER from the New York *Times's* correspondent in Richmond, which appeared in that journal on Monday last, contains a somewhat dismal but instructive account of the state of mind of the Virginia

Unionists. The picture may be somewhat overdrawn, but that it is in its main features accurate, everything we have heard or know of these gentlemen justifies us in believing. He describes them as utterly cowed and disheartened, and as disposed, in all political matters, to sit down and fold their hands and wait for the intervention of Providence or of the North to give them the ascendancy, and as fully prepared to accept whatever dispensation their secessionist neighbors may see fit to prepare for them. In fact, it is probably entirely due to the presence of our troops in Virginia, as in nearly every other State in the South, that there is even the shadow of a Unionist or a trace of Union feeling to be detected within her borders. Whenever the President comes to the conclusion that the *habeas corpus* has been restored and recalls the Union garrisons, we may feel pretty sure that people who disapprove of secession will have to hold their tongues as diligently now as during the war. We shall probably never see in Congress more than half a dozen representatives from Southern States who will venture to profess adhesion to this Government on principle and not through necessity, or who will avow their faith in Northern ideas and Northern theories of society. There have, in fact, been few greater disappointments in history than that which the "Union men" of the South have inflicted on the North. We witnessed the commencement of secession in the full belief that the Union men would arrest its progress before it culminated in an armed collision, and when the war was actually raging a great many people expected every morning to hear of a grand outburst of Union feeling before which the Confederacy would succumb, and its armies dissolve like the mists before the sun. But the painful truth is, that we never got any help from that quarter worth speaking of. We raised a considerable force amongst the Unionists of Kentucky and Tennessee, but it was a force whose existence exercised no appreciable influence on the fortunes of the war. In all other States the loyalists furnished a handful of victims, whose sufferings and devotion were touching enough, but they furnished very few soldiers, or statesmen, or even witnesses to the goodness of their cause. In most cases the strongest evidence of devotion to the Government which Unionists afforded was lukewarmness towards the Confederacy, and a person who did not hurrah over Federal defeats, or assist in hunting down Federal fugitives, came at last to regard himself as a sort of martyr, and in truth, in a vast number of cases, a martyr he became, and was shot, hanged, or robbed.

It is not, however, this kind of Unionist that is ever going to regenerate the South, or to exercise any influence worth considering on its politics or society. Many amongst us are disposed to believe that the Southern Unionists might have had more energy and activity infused into their composition by a more liberal distribution amongst them of post-offices and assistant-assessorships and collectorships.

Patronage is, no doubt, an excellent means of rewarding patriotism, but it cannot stimulate it, and we doubt, for our own part, whether, if every Unionist in the South were receiving fifteen hundred dollars a year, two suits of clothes, and fuel from the United States Government, we should be one whit nearer seeing a large and powerful party rising up amongst native Southerners, loyal to our flag, and permeated by our ideas, than we are now. We shall not have any considerable number of such men in Congress, no matter what tests or restrictions we impose, and the whole plan of reconstruction adopted by Congress must, in fact, be regarded as rather a means of preventing mischief than securing devotion. So it is confessed to be by everybody.

Mr. Johnson's "policy" is based on the theory that, slavery being abolished, all real difference of sentiment or opinion between the two sections will at once disappear. At the close of the war he held that the rooting out of all rich landowners owning over twenty thousand dollars was also necessary to bring about this result; but, on seeing some of these gentlemen, he changed his mind, and held that the only indispensable conditions of unity of feeling, as well as of public unity, were the extinction of slavery and the repudiation of the rebel debt. But it was not the mere fact of slavery that kept the North and South apart; it was the theory of society and government on which slavery was based. It was the opinion held by all Southerners that the laboring class must be a subject class, whether slaves or serfs, or only villains or hinds, and that opinion ninety-nine out of every hundred

Southern men still hold. They would hold it if their laboring class were white instead of black; but they hold it with ten-fold greater tenacity because it is black. It is this, and not either the war or the State-rights doctrine, or Calhoun's teaching, or the raving of the Pollards or the Wises, that divides us, and it will continue to divide us as long as it lasts. When our senators and representatives meet Southern men in Congress next winter, if they do meet them, they will meet men as widely separated from them on all the great questions which lie at the base of political society as the Earl of Derby or the Duke of Buccleuch, and yet neither of these noblemen owns or has ever owned a slave; but what influence could we bring to bear on him that would make him a devoted admirer of equality and universal suffrage?

The change in Southern feeling will come not from the Unionists nor from anything we are likely to say or do here, but from the material and social progress of the country, and until that progress has done its work, our business is to see that the authority of the Government and of the laws is upheld, that disaffected persons are not armed with powers or privileges which may be used to work mischief, and that the equality of man is recognized in legislation, until such time as it is recognized in Southern manners, and literature, and political economy. Perhaps nothing would do more to promote freedom of speech at the South than the growth of commerce and manufactures. Large, busy communities, with varied and complicated interests, get often indifferent to their neighbors' opinions, or tolerant of the expression of them, and at all events cannot for their own sake permit anything which interferes with the general comfort or safety. Vigilance committees, committees of citizens, and all the rest of the machinery by which the South enforced uniformity of sentiment on social questions, are not possible in any but a thinly settled and semi-barbarous country. As long as the Southern cities are antiquated villages, or rude hamlets, and the country is a wilderness dotted here and there with plantations, it will be difficult for the world outside to exercise any strong moral influence on the people, and difficult for "Union men" either to hold their own or make themselves felt in politics. If Charleston or Norfolk, or both, can be converted into great commercial entrepôts, they will be veritable centres of light and freedom. But great commercial entrepôts they can never become until the laboring class enjoys complete protection. Commercial prosperity has in every country which enjoyed it been preceded by the triumph of law.

"THE DETESTED ARRANGEMENTS OF 1815."

It is nothing strange that Bonaparte should detest the arrangements of the treaties of Vienna in 1814, and of Paris in 1815, nor that France should sympathize in the feeling. For those treaties were made expressly to humble France and to crush the Bonaparte family, so that neither should have any power of mischief again. And it hardly needed the announcement of the speech at Auxerre to make known these facts, inhering, as they do, in the very nature of things and of man. But one would think that both the Emperor and France might derive some little consolation from the consideration of how very little of those arrangements has survived to the present time. The first and main object of those arrangements was to bury Bonapartism deeper than ever plummet sounded, so that it could never come to the surface again to plague the world. The Congress of Vienna, in the panic-terror with which they were stricken by the news of the return from Elba, put Napoleon on whom they had all, with the exception of England, crooked the pregnant hinges of the knee as the lord of France and the arbiter of Europe, under the ban of the assembled empires and kingdoms, and, virtually, if there be force in words, made his assassination a virtue. Well, they seemed to have effected thus much. He was safely caged in St. Helena, and finally put to rest under the willows of Longwood, and Europe breathed freer at the news. For about thirty years after the battle of Waterloo the soil of France was pressed by the foot of no Bonaparte, excepting by the present Emperor, in the ridiculous attempts of Strasburg and Boulogne. But how does it stand now? For nearly twenty years the present Bonaparte has been the chief magistrate of France, and for fourteen its absolute sovereign. He has succeeded the elder and younger Bourbons in the Tuileries, and his cousin the Prince Napoleon

in the Palais Royal. He is the arbiter of Europe more undeniably than the founder of the family. Every power in Europe, every signatory of the treaties of Vienna and of Paris, has recognized him as the lawful Emperor of the French. Even England, who never acknowledged the imperial title of the first Napoleon during his lifetime, has long since recognized it, and that of the King of Rome, by saluting the present monarch as Napoleon III. And the granddaughter of George III. has buckled the garter below the knee of the nephew of the Corsican usurper, and imprinted the kiss of royal sisterhood on his cheek. It would seem as if this part of the detested treaties had been pretty effectually torn out and trampled under foot.

The next purpose of these arrangements was to chastise France for the mischief she had done and the terror she had excited for the last twenty years—to disgrace as well as to cripple her. So she had to pass under the Caudine Forks of the treaty of Paris, a treaty to which even Louis XVIII. consented with bitter tears of mortification. She was stripped of all the spoils and the trophies of her twenty years of victory; every shred of territory which she had added to her domains by conquest was wrested from her. She was mulcted in the sum of 1,500,000,000 francs, or about \$300,000,000, to pay her conquerors for beating her; and, in addition, to maintain 150,000 foreign soldiers, under the command of the Duke of Wellington, for three years, to make her keep the peace. She was not only on her knees, but, as Lord Chatham said he meant to bring her fifty years before, upon her face, and it seemed as if she had fallen never to rise again. But there is great vitality in nations, and especially in those that have been through such a process of renovation as the Revolution of 1789. She revived rapidly even under the repressive policy of Villèle and the party of the priests. And in a dozen years from the withdrawal of the army of occupation, she had sent the elder branch of the Bourbons packing, and set up "the best of republics," the Duke of Orleans, in its stead. All the signatories of the treaties of 1814-15 were aghast at this high-handed violation of the principles of those instruments, but they could do and attempted nothing to vindicate them. They saw that the French were a people like the Romans, "*gens que victa quiescere nesciat*," and they recognized the Citizen King in the very teeth of the arrangements of 1815—with an ill grace, indeed, but they did it. Another of these arrangements was the creation of the kingdom of the Netherlands to absorb Belgium, the first point of the revolutionary conquests, and Holland, which had been long an appanage of the brother of Napoleon and the putative father of the present Emperor. As a corollary of the revolution of July, 1830, this arrangement was broken up, Belgium erected into a separate kingdom, and the daughter of Louis Philippe seated on its throne as the consort of Leopold I. England consented to this disarrangement of the treaties and permitted her son-in-law to accept the crown of Belgium. And the other signatories had nothing for it but to fume inwardly, snub outwardly, and submit to what they could not help.

The general object of the arrangements of 1815, of which these of which we have spoken were incidental details, was the rehabilitation of legitimacy on the old footing all over Europe, and the wiping away of every trace of the disturbing hand of France. The English Tories rejoiced over this abundant reward for the long labors of Pitt and Liverpool, and counted the spirit of liberalism as laid for ever. Ferdinand, the beloved, was heartily hated in Spain. The House of Braganza was re-established in its rights to Portugal. The Bourbon and Austrian kinglings and princelets were established in Naples and the Italian duchies, Savoy was restored to Sardinia, and everything seemed fixed on the old foundations. How do they all stand now? The law of legitimate succession has been set at defiance, successfully, after civil war, both in Spain and Portugal, and the crown of the first secured to a supposed daughter of Ferdinand, and that of Portugal derived through a daughter from Pedro IV., and this with legitimate pretenders yet alive. The treaties of 1814-15 never meant that legitimate claims should be treated thus. And what has become of all the final settlements of Italy? Naples, Tuscany, Modena, Parma, and all the rest of them united under the sceptre of the King of Sardinia, with Lombardy thrown in, and Savoy passed over to France and once again a French department, for her part in this re-arrangement of the treaties of 1815, while the Pope has his tiara held on his head by the

bayonets of the putative nephew of Napoleon, thus recognized as the Eldest Son of the Church! Surely, there is not much left of the detested treaties in this direction. And now Venetia is threatened by Garibaldi with the virtual consent and assistance of the son of Frederick William III., of Prussia, and Queen Louisa. And this monarch, whose father received a slice of Saxony by those treaties, is now hungering for the whole, and hoping to devour up the whole Germanic Confederation, which was their creature. He already has seized Holstein, one of its states, and declared that its exercise of the unquestionably constitutional right of putting its troops on a war footing shall be regarded as an act of hostility. As far as the treaties of 1814-15 are concerned, it would seem as if Bonaparte had nothing to do but to stand still and see them crumble to pieces before his eyes. If Prussia can have her way, and is successful in the war now impending, she will dispose of what is left of them in a brief time. And she could well afford to let him help himself to Sardinia as the price of letting Italy take possession of Venetia.

THE WAR AND THE IMPERIAL MANIFESTO.

THE war is begun. Yesterday the Prussians entered Hanover and Saxony. The Bund has voted the mobilization of the Federal armies, and Prussia has openly seceded from the Confederation. A few days before, the French Emperor made a manifesto which makes his intentions known to the world. To Austria he says: "You must give up Venetia;" to the German secondary states, "The organization of your Confederation is bad and ought to be remodelled;" to Europe, "If in any way the equilibrium of Europe is altered, France will seize neighboring France and take her part of the spoils."

At the same time he declares for neutrality. But nobody in Europe will give the name of neutrality to a policy which has prepared all the elements of the present conflict, which has written the articles of the treaty between Bismark and Prussia, and which draws beforehand all the articles of the treaties which ought to put an end to the war.

If France had taken no part in the present complications; if she found herself placed in face of a great war in Germany, and of the dissolution of the German Confederation, she would certainly have every right to warn the combatants that she would not see the whole of Germany conquered by one great military power without taking precautions against such an aggrandizement. If Prussia even now, with her ill-defined geographical frontiers and her scattered provinces, is strong enough to bully all Germany, to crush all liberal aspirations, to defy the Bund; if she can successfully enter on her career of military propagandism, ought not France to be even more suspicious of her after she has annexed new provinces and consolidated her empire? On this question there will be found no difference of opinion in France. We may be Republicans, Orleanists, or Bonapartists; we are all French. We have seen France invaded twice, in 1814 and 1815; Prussia in 1815 was placed on our frontier as a perpetual menace. We would have much preferred to see in the Rhenish provinces a small kingdom—a sort of German Belgium. As things are now, there is not a power in Europe whose aggrandizement is more dangerous to us than that of Prussia. It is quite natural that the Emperor should say to Europe that he cannot see with indifference great changes in the constitution of Germany. What is extraordinary and, in my opinion, wrong, is that he should favor such changes and play into the hands of Bismark.

The manifesto of the Emperor justifies the powers who have not been anxious to go to the conference, for it is an implicit avowal. It is evident that the "arbiter of Europe," as Mr. Kinglake's great diplomatic hero, Lord Stratford of Redcliffe, called, a few days ago, the Emperor of France, is the principal actor in the great drama which is beginning. Between two maps of Gaul for his great "History of Julius Caesar," he has found time for a map of Europe in 1867.

To those who reproach Italy with rushing wildly into war and compromising her late conquests, Italy can answer, "I do not drag France into war, and it is France which obliges me to attack Austria; I am a satellite, not a planet." To those who reproach Bismark for having suppressed all liberties in Prussia, for having dragooned his parliament and levied taxes without its consent, Bismark can answer, "I have been

obliged to do all this to get ready for the war, and to show myself worthy of the confidence of Napoleon III."

Never has it been more manifest that the destinies of Europe hang now on one single, solitary will, which can be no longer controlled either by kings or by nations. This will has now been made manifest to the French Parliament by the organ of M. Rouher, the Government's mouth-piece. As we are to pay for the war, to give our blood and treasure, we have been put in its confidence; but how was this favor conferred on us? Simply by reading in the Parliament a letter addressed by the Emperor to his minister of foreign affairs. No discussion was allowed. Jules Favre, who wished to offer a few remarks, was not permitted to utter a single sentence.

And while the Parliament, which we all know to be favorable to peace, trembles at the mere expression of the Imperial will, what shall we Liberals do and say? We feel indeed that we are the innocent cause of the war, as the negro was in the American war. The attention of France must be thrown across the frontier; we shall be forgotten and left to our painful pre-occupations. Painful as our feelings may be, we shall never allow partisanship to destroy in us patriotism. We shall give all our sympathies to Italy, though she may be the ally of Bismark; we cannot find fault with her if she does not respect the treaty of Zürich any more than Austria respected last year in Denmark the treaty of London. We believe that Italy has a natural right to Venetia. Our sympathies will follow her arms; in Germany our sympathies will be left neutral. We do not see clearly on which side the interests of liberty will be found. We see two tyrannical and military despotisms face to face, and between the two a number of princes whose only pre-occupation is to preserve their small domains. We should prefer to see in Germany a confederation of states after the model of the United States rather than one great centralized, bureaucratic, and military kingdom; and if Germany is Prussianized from end to end, we anticipate a great war between her and France. It is doubtful for us if any advantage which we may gain in the end could be placed in balance with the terrible misfortunes which the war will bring on Europe and on our country, and with the injuries which liberty will receive.

We are neither Jeremiahs nor Cassandras; we belong to our time and to our country; but we place our time and our country above any man, and we feel the most painful anxiety in feeling ourselves thrown like dust in the adventurous orbit of a proud ambition which is ready to destroy everything in order to save itself.

A FRENCHMAN.

June 16, 1866.

OBITUARY ABSURDITIES.

THE doggerel of the tomb-stones has always afforded a curious food for laughter. The droll speeches of the dying, the last words of the ruling passion, have always been a feature of the jest-books. A pretty compilation might be made of funny funeral anecdotes. Likeness in things dissimilar and an audacious mixture of incongruous affairs make the salt of wit compound for blasphemy even with the pious, extenuate impropriety with the decent, give a savor to coarseness, relieve us from the tension of a wearisome earnestness, and force a fleeting smile upon the saddest of faces. Horace, if he had thought of it, might have affirmed the pleasure of laughing *ex loco* as well as *in loco*. We like to be agreeably irritated and find a fillip in the stroke of an untimely jest. To the least touch of nature our hearts respond. The polite father who apologized at the funeral of his child for bringing so small a body before a company so unexpectedly large, as if he would have provided a coffin six feet long, and not such a sesquipedalian one, had he foreseen the fulness of the house, was a true gentleman in his grief, and only morbidly nervous lest he should fail in some pious point of sepulture. The comic epitaphs, we may be sure, were soberly written, and an honest grief prompted the rudest inscription. When a babe only a span long is dead, the most prosaic are tempted into sending a versified advertisement of the death to the newspapers; and the first mother who placed flowers upon the tomb of her child was an unconscious poet, although these floral offerings have now become hackneyed and cheap. It is the sorrow of a great sorrow that it is so inarticulate and helpless and speechless, and often tearless; in our bereavement we strive, even in some pitiful way, to give words to our agony.

But it is not of these genuine and domestic demonstrations of regret that

we propose particularly to speak. We have no jibes for real mourners; but those who are strictly professional and formal in their lugubrious calling, and manage the ceremonies as volunteers or for hire, should either feel assured of their competency for the service, or should keep a prudent silence. It was only the other day, in Boston, that a venerable gentleman, well known in the medical world, was buried, as full of honors as of years. The clergyman who officiated upon the occasion drew a lively picture of the doctor's public and private life; he portrayed his friend's strong religious nature, and went on to say: "With him it was Christ and his kingdom first. He believed in vegetable diet, and lived thirty years without tasting meat. *He believed in calomel and used it through life.* And now he has gone to be at rest in the Lord." Is not this an extraordinary admixture? When a man has ceased to eat altogether of earthly food, one does not readily see why his hostility to beef and his partiality for potatoes should be proclaimed over his coffin; nor is there any occult connection, that we are aware of, between salvation and salivation. In a church at least, and in a church this funeral oration was pronounced, the controversies of the bolus and the pellet, of heroic dosers and infinitesimal practitioners, of vegetarians and of sarcophagicians, might be permitted to subside. To have told the weeping assemblage that the deceased was five feet high, weighed one hundred and fifty pounds, and

"Wore not rights and lefts for shoes,
But changed his every day,"

would hardly have been more untimely than this recital of his dietetic and medical faith.

We have ceased to look for any great oratorical displays in the House of Representatives, nor do we, indeed, think it a proper arena for frequent exhibitions of that character. Speech-making for the sake of making a speech should be intolerable in a body devoted to the business of legislation; because it is well enough known that speeches change no votes and neither affect nor expedite results. Ambitious attempts in that direction are usually either for the purpose of personal display in Washington or of personal aggrandizement at home. The death of a member is one of the few occasions upon which a somewhat elevated style of address may be allowed, because it is natural as the expression of personal friendship and regret, and the utterance of sentiment, however respectable, is not to be restricted by the technical formalities of practical discussion. But, if this license is to be permitted, the credit of the country and common sense require that it should be kept within the strictest limits of good taste. Death is a stern monitor, and the death of a public man is especially suggestive of the emptiness of all which we call honor, and the frivolity of mere display. We think that the late Mr. James Humphrey deserved to have something better said of him than this: "Shortly after midnight he raised himself upon his pillow, repeating the words, 'I faint! I faint!' and, without a struggle or a groan, *the gentlemanly spirit of James Humphrey was wafted into the presence of his Maker.*" Without any coarseness of language to offend us, there is to our minds something painfully coarse in speaking of a departed spirit as "gentlemanly." We need hardly point out to the careful reader that "gentlemanly spirit" is an etymological solecism. A "man" is not a "spirit," and a "spirit" cannot be a "man," in the sense in which the word is here used. But this is a trifle. It is the moral solecism which particularly shocks and offends us. While the title of "gentleman" is certainly expressive of the most noble and praiseworthy qualities of character, it is reasonably to be hoped that all who are entitled to enter upon the eternal joys of paradise are also entitled to the appellation. No "spirit," we believe, is more "gentlemanly" than another. How shocking it would be to our ears to hear the assemblage of the saints spoken of, even by the vulgarst of Hard-shell Baptist preachers, as a company of "ladies and gentlemen!" These are words which have a conventional meaning, and we habitually use them to express something very different from the perfect purification and the complete glorification of the saints. The phrase "gentlemanly angel" would be not merely a contradiction in terms, but it would imply an extension to the next world of the frivolous distinctions of this, and an eternal materiality like that which disgusts us in the revelations of "seers" and of "mediums."

We offer these strictures chiefly in behalf of the violated laws of good taste. The subject, we know, is capable of a higher treatment; but this, perhaps, would not be strictly within our province. Death is certainly not to be regarded with a hopeless and cowardly dread, but still less is that tremendous change to be classed with the common and familiar incidents of our life; and he who cannot attain some degree of extraordinary solemnity in its contemplation, and a reasonable propriety of speech in commemorating the departed, for a thousand reasons had better remain silent.

CAPRI AND CAPRIOTES.

I.

I HAVE NO doubt

"Calm Capri waits,"

where we left it in the Gulf of Salerno, for any traveller who may choose to pay it a visit; but at the time we were there we felt that it was on exhibition for that day only, and would, when we departed, disappear in its sapphire sea, and be no more; just as Niagara ceases to play as soon as your back is turned, and Venice goes out like a pyrotechnic display, and all marvellously grand and lovely things make haste to prove their impermanence.

We delayed some days in Naples in hopes of fine weather, and at last chose a morning that was warm and cloudy at nine o'clock, and burst into frequent passions of rain before we reached Sorrento at noon. The first half of the journey was made by rail, and brought us to Castellammare, whence we took carriage for Sorrento, and oranges, and rapture—winding along the steep shore of the sea, and under the brows of wooded hills that rose high above us into the misty weather, and caught here and there the sunshine on their tops. In that heavenly climate no day can long be out of humor, and at Sorrento we found ours very pleasant, and rode delightedly through the devious streets, looking up to the terraced orange-groves on one hand and down to the terraced orange-groves on the other, until at a certain turning of the way we encountered Antonino Occhio d'Argento, whom fate had appointed to be our boatman to Capri. We had never heard of Antonino before, and indeed had intended to take a boat from one of the hotels; but when this corsair offered us his services, there was that guile in his handsome face, that cunning in his dark eyes, that heart could not resist, and we halted our carriage and took him at once. He kept his boat in one of those caverns which honeycomb the cliff under Sorrento, and afford a natural and admirable shelter for such small craft as may be dragged up out of reach of the waves, and here I bargained with him before finally agreeing to go with him to Capri. In Italy it is customary for a public carrier when engaged to give his employer as a pledge the sum agreed upon for the service, which is returned, with the amount due him, at the end, if the service has been satisfactory; and I demanded of Antonino this *caparra*, as it is called. "What *caparra*?" said he, lifting the lid of his wicked eye with his forefinger; "this is the best *caparra*," meaning a face as honest and trustworthy as the devil's. The stroke confirmed my subjection to Antonino, and I took his boat without further parley, declining even to feel the muscle of his boatmen's arms, which he kindly exposed to my touch in evidence that they were strong enough to row us swiftly to Capri. The men were but two in number, but they tossed the boat lightly into the surf, and then lifted me aboard, and rowed to the little pier from which the ladies and T. got in.

The sun shone, the water danced and sparkled, and presently we raised our sail, and took the gale that blew for Capri—an oblong height rising ten miles beyond out of the heart of the azure gulf. On the way thither there was little interest but that of natural beauty in the bold, picturesque coast we skirted for some distance; though on one mighty rock there were the ruins of a seaward looking Temple of Hercules, with arches of the unmistakable Roman masonry, below which the receding waves rushed and poured over a jetting ledge in a thunderous cataract.

Antonino did his best to entertain us, and lectured us unceasingly upon his virtue and his wisdom, dwelling greatly on the propriety and good policy of always speaking the truth. This spectacle of veracity became intolerable after awhile, and I was goaded to say: "Oh then, if you never tell lies, you expect to go to Paradise." "Not at all," answered Antonino compassionately, "for I have sinned much. But the lie does n't go ahead (*non va avanti*)," added this Machiavelli of boatmen; but I think he was mistaken, for he deceived us with perfect ease and admirable success. All along, he had pretended that we could see Capri, visit the Blue Grotto, and return that day; but as we drew near the island, painful doubts began to trouble him, and he feared the sea would be too rough for the Grotto part of the affair. "But there will be an old man," he said, with a subtle air of prophecy, "waiting for us on the beach. This old man is one of the Government guides to the Grotto, and he will say whether it is to be seen to-day." And certainly there was the old man on the beach—a short patriarch, with his baldness covered by a kind of bloated woollen sack, a blear-eyed sage, and bare-legged. He waded through the surf toward the boat, and (at a secret signal from Antonino, as I shall always believe) when we asked him whether the Grotto was to be seen, he paused knee-deep in the water, put on a face of tender solemnity, threw back his head a little, brought his hand to his cheek, expanded it, and said, "No; to-day, no! To-morrow, yes!" Antonino leaped joyously ashore, and delivered us over to the old man, to be guided to the

Hotel di Londra, while he drew his boat upon the land. He had reason to be contented, for this artifice of the patriarch of Capri relieved him from the necessity of verifying to me the existence of an officer of extraordinary powers in the nature of a consul, who, he said, would not permit boats to leave Capri for the mainland after five o'clock in the evening.

When it was decided that we should remain on the island till the morrow, we found so much time on our hands, after bargaining for our lodging at the Hotel di Londra, that we resolved to ascend the mountain to the ruins of the palaces of Tiberius, and to this end we contracted for the services of certain of the muletresses that had gathered about the iron gate, clamorously offering their beasts. The muletresses chosen were a matron of mature years, and of a portly habit of body; her daughter, a mere child, and her niece, a very pretty girl of eighteen, with a voice soft and sweet as a bird's. They placed the ladies, one on each mule, and then, the mother and daughter devoting themselves to the hind-quarters of the foremost animal, the lovely niece brought up the rear of the second beast, while the patriarch went before, and T. and I trudged behind. So the cavalcade ascended; first, from the terrace of the hotel overlooking the bit of shipping village on the beach, and next from the town of Capri, clinging to the hillsides, midway between sea and sky, until at last it reached the heights on which the ruins stood. Our way was through narrow lanes, bordered by garden walls; then through narrow streets bordered by dirty houses; and then again by gardens, but now of a better sort than the first, and belonging to handsome villas.

On the road our pretty muletress gossiped cheerfully, and our patriarch gloomily, and between the two we accumulated a store of information concerning the present inhabitants of Capri, which, I am sorry to say, has now for the most part failed me. I remember that they said most of the land-owners at Capri were Neapolitans, and that these villas were their country-houses; but they pointed out one of the stateliest of the edifices as belonging to a certain English physician who had come to visit Capri for a few days, and had now been living on the island twenty years, having married (said the muletress) the prettiest and poorest girl in the town. From this romance—something like which the muletress seemed to think might well happen concerning herself—we passed lightly to speak of kindred things, the muletress responding gayly between the blows she bestowed upon her beast. The accent of these Capriotes has something of German harshness and heaviness: they say *non bosso* instead of *non posso*, and *monto* instead of *mondo*, and interchange the *t* and *d* a good deal; and they use for father the Latin *pater*, instead of *padre*. But this girl's voice, as I said, was very musical, and the island's accent was sweet upon her tongue.

I.—What is your name?

She.—Caterina, little sir (*signorin*).

I.—And how old are you, Caterina?

She.—Eighteen, little sir.

I.—Have you a lover?

She feigns not to understand; but the patriarch, who has dropped behind to listen to our discourse, explains: "He asks if you are in love."

She.—Ah, no! little sir, not yet.

I.—No? A little late, it seems to me. I guess there must be some handsome youngster who pleases you—no?

She.—Ah, no! one must work, one cannot think of marrying. We are four sisters, and we have only the *buonamano* from hiring these mules, and we must spin and cook.

The Patriarch.—Do n't believe her; she has two lovers.

She.—Ah, no! It is n't true. He tells a fib, ha!

But, nevertheless, she seemed to love to be accused of lovers—such is the guile of the female heart in Capri—and laughed over the patriarch's wickedness. She confided that she ate macaroni once a day, and she talked constantly of eating it, just as the Northern Italians always talk of *polenta*. She was a true daughter of the isle, and had never left it but once in her life, when she went to Naples. "Naples was beautiful, yes; but one always loves one's own country the best." She was very attentive and good, but at the end was rapacious of more and more *buonamano*. "Have patience with her, sir," said the blameless Antonino, who witnessed her greediness; "they do not understand certain matters here, poor little things!"

As for the patriarch, he was full of learning relative to himself and to Capri; and told me with much elaboration that the islanders lived chiefly by fishing, and gained something also by their vineyards. But they were greatly oppressed by taxes, and the strict enforcement of the conscriptions, and they had little love for the Italian Government, and wished the Bourbons back again. The Piedmontese, indeed, misgoverned them horribly. There was the Blue Grotto, for example: formerly travellers paid the guides five, six, ten francs for viewing it; but now the Piedmontese had made a

tariff, and the poor guides could only exact a franc from each person. Things were in a ruinous condition.

By this we had arrived at a little inn on the top of the mountain, very near the ruins of the palaces. "Here," said the patriarch "it is customary for strangers to drink a bottle of the wine of Tiberius." We obediently entered the hostelry, and the landlord—a white toothed, brown-faced, good-humored peasant—gallantly ran forward and presented the ladies with bouquets of roses. We thought it a pretty and graceful act, but found later that it was to be paid for, like all pretty and graceful things in Italy; for when we came to settle for the wine, and the landlord wanted more than justice, he urged that he had presented the ladies with flowers, yet he equally gave me his benediction when I refused to pay his politeness.

"Now here," again said the patriarch in a solemn whisper, "you can see the Tarantella danced for two francs; whereas down at your inn, if you hire the dancers through your landlord, it will cost you five or six francs." The difference was tempting, and decided us in favor of an immediate Tarantella. The muletresses left their beasts to browse about the door of the inn and came into the little public room, where were already the wife and sister of the landlord, and took their places *vis-à-vis*, while the landlord seized his tambourine and beat from it a wild and lively measure. The women were barefooted and hoopless, and they gave us the Tarantella with all the beauty of natural movement and free floating drapery, and with all that splendid grace of pose which animates the antique statues and pictures of dancers. They swayed themselves in time with the music; then, filled with its passionate impulse, advanced and retreated and whirled away; snapping their fingers above their heads and looking over their shoulders with a gay and laughing challenge to each other, they drifted through the ever repeated figures of flight and wooing, and wove for us pictures of delight that remained upon the brain like the effect of long-pondered vivid colors, and still return to illumine and complete any representation of that indescribable dance. Heaven knows what peril there might have been in the beauty and grace of the pretty muletress but for the spectacle of her fat aunt, who, I must confess, could only burlesque some of her niece's airiest movements, and whose hard-bought buoyancy was at once pathetic and laughable. She earned her share of the spoils certainly, and she seemed glad when the dance was over, and went contentedly back to her mule. The patriarch had early retired from the scene as from a vanity with which he was too familiar for enjoyment, and I found him, when the Tarantella was done, leaning on the curb of the precipitous rock immediately behind the inn, over which the Capriotes say Tiberius used to cast the victims of his pleasures after he was sated with them. These have taken their place in the insular imagination as Christian martyrs, though it is probable that the poor souls were anything else but Nazarenes. It took a stone thrown from the brink of the rock twenty seconds to send back a response from the water below, and the depth was too dizzying to look into. So we looked instead toward Amalfi, across the Gulf of Salerno, and toward Naples, across her bay. On every hand the sea was flushed with sunset, and an unspeakable calm dwelt upon it, while the heights rising from it softened and softened in the distance, and withdrew themselves into dreams of ghastly solitude and phantom city. His late majesty the Emperor Tiberius is well known to have been a man of sentiment, and he may often have sought this spot to enjoy the evening hour. It was convenient to his palace, and he could here give a fillip to his jaded sensibilities by popping a boon companion over the cliff, and thus enjoy the fine poetic contrast which his perturbed and horrible spirit afforded to that scene of innocence and peace. Later he may have come hither also, when lust failed; when all the lewd plays and devices of his fancy palled upon his senses; when sin had grown insipid and even murder ceased to amuse, and his majesty uttered his despair to the Senate in that terrible letter: "What to write to you, or how to write, I know not; and what not to write at this time, may all the gods and goddesses torment me more than I daily feel that I suffer if I do know."

The poor patriarch was also a rascal in his small way, and he presently turned to me with a countenance full of cowardly trouble and of base remorse. "I pray you, little sir, not to tell the landlord below there that you have seen the Tarantella danced here; for he has daughters and friends to dance it for strangers, and gets a deal of money by it. So, if he asks you to see it, do me the pleasure to say, lest he should take on (*pigliarsi*) with me about it: 'Thanks, but we saw the Tarantella at Pompeii.'" It was the last place in Italy where we were likely to have seen the Tarantella; but these simple people are improvident in lying, as in everything else. The patriarch had a curious spice of malice in him, which prompted him to speak evil of all, and to as many as he dared. After we had inspected the ruins of the emperor's villa, a clownish imbecile of a woman, professing to be the wife of the peasant who had made the excavations, came forth out of

a cleft in the rock and received tribute of us—why, I do not know. The patriarch abetted the extortion, but Parthianly remarked, as we turned away, "Her husband ought to be here; but this is a *festa*, and he is drinking and gaming in the village," while the woman protested that he was sick at home. There was also a hermit living in great publicity among the ruins, and the patriarch did not spare him a sneering comment. He had even a bad word for Tiberius, and reproached the emperor for throwing people over the cliff, though I think it a sport in which he would himself have liked to join. The only human creatures with whom he seemed to be in sympathy were the brigands of the mainland, of whom he spoke poetically as exiles and fugitives.

As for the palace of Tiberius, which we had come so far and so toilsomely to see, it must be confessed there was very little left of it. When that well-meaning but mistaken prince died, a popular tumult demolished his pleasure-houses at Capri, and left only those fragments of the beautiful brick masonry which yet remain, clinging indestructible to the rocks, and strewed the ground with rubbish. The recent excavations have discovered nothing beside the uninteresting foundations of the building, except a subterranean avenue leading from one part of the palace to another; this is walled with delicate brickwork, and exquisitely paved with white marble mosaic; and this was all that was left of the splendor of the wicked emperor. Nature, the all-forgetting, all-forgiving, that takes the red battle-field into her arms and hides it with blossom and harvest, could not remember his iniquity, greater than the multitudinous murder of war. The sea which the despot's lust and fear had made so lonely slept with the white sails of boats secure upon its breast; the little bays and inlets, the rocky clefts and woolly dells, had forgotten their desecration; and the gathering twilight, the sweetness of the garden-bordered pathway, and the serenity of the lonely landscape, helped us to doubt history. We slowly returned to the inn by the road we had ascended, noting again the mansion of the surprising Englishman who had come to Capri for three months and had remained thirty years; passed through the darkness of the village, dropped here and there with the vivid red of a lamp; and so reached the inn at last, where we found the landlord ready to have the Tarantella danced for us. We framed a discreeter fiction than that prepared for us by the patriarch, and went in to dinner, where there were two Danish gentlemen in dispute with as many rogues of boatmen who, having contracted to take them back that night to Naples, were now trying to fly their bargain, and remain at Capri till the morrow. The Danes beat them, however, and then sat down to dinner, and to long stories of the imposture and villany of the Italians. One of them chiefly bewailed himself that the day before, having unwisely eaten a dozen oysters without agreeing first with the oysterman upon the price, he had been obliged to pay this scamp's extortionate demand to the full, since he was unable to restore him his property. We thought that something like this might have happened to an imprudent man in any country, but we did not the less join him in abusing the Italians—the purpose for which foreigners chiefly visit Italy.

FAMILY DISCIPLINE.

THE horrible case of child-whipping in the western part of this State, to which we referred on a previous occasion, is to be lamented not merely on account of the unhappy little victim, but also for its inevitable tendency to loosen the bonds of parental discipline, by associating the idea of child-punishment with the recollection of this clerical wretch, who seems to combine the language of a Pecksniff with the relentlessness of a Legree. This act is thrice-accurst, in respect to his baby, to himself, and to society. We cannot doubt that he will receive so much of the punishment which he deserves as it is possible for the law to inflict. Whether it is possible under legal forms to render him full justice may be doubted.

But we cannot afford to let this solitary instance of parental cruelty blind us to the fact that, as a people, we err mainly in the opposite direction. American parents, as a rule, have very little inclination to tyrannize over their children, and are very strongly disposed to loosen the reins of family government. Looking around among our own acquaintance, we do not call to mind a single parent who is a terror to his children; and we rejoice that it is so. But we do know multitudes of parents who never had their children under their control; and this we cannot rejoice over. The days when children were tied to bed-posts and flogged for slight transgressions are, thank Heaven, substantially past; but the extreme to which our grandfathers carried their notions of discipline is no justification for the other extreme into which we are now disposed to run. If there is really no middle path, doubtless the license which is now allowed to children is better than the excessive severity of old times; but no such excuse for laxity can be truly made. There *is* a middle path; but it requires more patience,

perseverance, and enlightened parental love than either of the rival systems of wholesale flogging or *laissez faire*.

A certain distinguished clergyman once told in our hearing an incident which illustrates our meaning. His little girl, then a little over three years old, was playing in his room, when he called upon her to fetch his shoe. She had often done it before, and been proud to do it; but this time she looked at her father with a smiling face, and did not stir. "I repeated my command," said the father, "but with no better result. 'Now,' said I to myself, 'comes the crisis, and we must see who is to gain the day.' I called her to me, and she came quite cheerfully. I pointed to the shoe, but she would not look at it; she threw her arms round my neck, and would kiss me just as long as I would let her; she brought me an apron, a book, anything but the shoe; that she would not touch. And nothing but the shoe would satisfy me. 'Fetch me that shoe,' said I; but no. For more than two hours the conflict lasted, and then she suddenly grasped the shoe in her little hand, and, rushing up to me, threw herself into my arms in a violent fit of weeping, her little frame perfectly convulsed with sobs; but she was conquered." Such struggles as these occur at least once in the life of every high-spirited child. A Lindsley gratifies his brutal love of domination by the use of a shingle upon his child; the majority of American parents find it easier to abandon the contest, and let their children enjoy a demoralizing triumph, than to persist with mingled firmness, tact, and patience until obedience is secured.

Divine wisdom has made obedience necessary to the true happiness of every child. A spoiled child is the emblem of misery to itself and discomfort to all around. And American children are universally presumed to be spoiled, not merely by the judgment of foreigners, but by the tacit evidence of our own people. Why is it that landlords are so unanimous in preferring tenants without children? Why is it that children, in all other countries esteemed the object of marriage, are here so commonly thought of as its drawback? There can be no doubt that it is because they are expected, as a matter of course, to be a source of irritation and anxiety, undisciplined little nuisances, worrying their parents' lives and driving off their parents' friends. We go further, and assert that the enormous prevalence of abortion among married women is largely owing to this universal expectation that children will be a source of far more annoyance than comfort; an expectation which no experience of well-trained children would ever justify. Unquestionably the most judicious training fails in many instances: but as a rule it develops a condition of moral health which makes children the joy of the household and the special attraction of visitors. And it is from the rule, and not from the exceptions, that the common judgments of men are formed. We conclude, therefore, from the general anticipation that children, at any rate *other people's* children, will be disagreeable and mischievous, that there is a general belief that children are badly trained.

We have already been led incidentally to remark how much discomfort, and even crime, is indirectly caused by the general lack of proper family discipline. These are, however, only part of the evils to which it gives rise. "Young America" is proverbially pert, obtrusive, and irreverent; unaccustomed to obey at home, our young men are apt to lack respect for lawful authority everywhere; untrained at home, they rush into life with shallow thoughts and little training of any kind. Probably half the cost of our late civil war may be fairly charged to the lack of *habits* of discipline, obedience, and self-command on both sides.

It is even more melancholy to witness the causes which most frequently excite parents to the exercise of their authority, and the manner in which that authority is spasmodically exercised, than it is to observe the general absence of parental control. A falsehood, a petty theft, an act of meanness or cruelty which ought to excite the parent at once to grief and indignation, is usually passed over with slight reproof or total indifference. Charley may torture the cat, or destroy his baby sister's doll, or steal her apple, or show a meanly selfish spirit toward his playfellows with comparative impunity, though he is thus giving way to the basest tendencies of his nature; but woe be to Charley if he breaks his mother's china, or stains her silk dress, even though it should be done by pure accident and in the excess of affectionate zeal. Is not this, in its measure, almost as ghastly a spectacle as that of the Rev. Mr. Lindsley "correcting" his baby with a shingle for refusing to say its prayers? On the one hand the child displays a temper which, if entirely unchecked through life, would make it a fiend. For this it receives no punishment. On the other hand, through mere natural thoughtlessness, it injures a few dollars' worth of goods, which must in any case soon perish. This brings upon it bitter words, perhaps bodily chastisement. Every one knows that this is a contrast daily witnessed in thousands of families. For ourselves, we see it often, and with ever-growing abhorrence.

THE SACRED CHARACTER OF THE BRITISH INCH.

THE connection between a metre and a gramme is obvious to any one who has mastered the French system of weights and measures; but the connection between the British inch and Christianity may appear somewhat recondite to the general public. Proposed as a conundrum, most people would probably "give it up" in despair. The number of inches to a foot is, indeed, the same as the number of tribes in Israel or the number of the disciples; but then, again, the labors of Hercules were twelve, and we are landed at once in paganism; or the Caesars were twelve, and we flounder in imperialism, which is worse. A man's thumb—that is, the last joint of it—answers well enough to the inch in not particular measurements; but we never heard of thumbs being a test of orthodoxy, except in the time of the Inquisition, and we should fear, if the test prevailed, lest M. du Châillon, for instance, should find some day that he had shot a better Christian than himself. Perhaps, if the suggestion be not an old one, the divine right of African slavery may rest (for a divine right cannot be extinguished), at least in part, on the negro's thumb-joint, which is either too long or too short for the Christian inch, just as his heels were too long and his facial angle too obtuse for Christian liberty.

But we perceive that, having been allowed an inch, our imagination has taken an ell of departure from the original question—a question which a religious newspaper of this city has kindly undertaken both to state and to settle. The inch being, as we learn, a part of sound doctrine, it is not so surprising that Congress as that the British Parliament should have legalized the metric system of the French. For, in the first place, the metre does not rest upon absolute truth, although it purports to be an integral part of the earth's circumference; and, secondly, if it were ever so accurate, the French people had no right to reject the British inch or their own *pouce* (or thumb, if you please), and to seek for a natural instead of a divinely transmitted standard of length; and, thirdly, it was all a part of their revolutionary plan "to overthrow the whole order of society, and root out even Christianity itself," and "to abolish the Lord's day and establish in its stead the *decades*;" and, fourthly, the late Mr. Taylor spent a lifetime in ascertaining, by the severest calculations, that the British inch is the one-five-hundred-millionth part of the earth's axis of rotation (which, being a straight line accessible at both ends and in the middle, can be measured with the greatest accuracy); and, finally, Prof. Plazzi Smith has triumphantly proved that the Great Pyramid was built expressly to surround, hold for ever, and keep from wear and tear the British inch. We have also the most satisfactory testimony that the builders of the Pyramid "possessed a degree of mathematical and astronomical knowledge" which it is far from improbable was given by divine inspiration. And if any link in this reasoning were still wanting, it is to be found in the fact that the Queen's chamber is seven-sided, with one of the sides "pushed outwards about twenty-five inches [*twenty-four* were perhaps to have been expected], as if to indicate that while six were ordinary days [it being understood that they represented days], the seventh [the Hebrew Sabbath] was more noble and glorious." The Bible, furthermore, informs us that a false balance is an abomination in the eyes of the Lord while a just weight is his delight.

We do not see how this argument can be avoided. But we should like to have been assured that the British penny came direct from the treasury of Heaven, and that we count twelve of them to the shilling, as we do twelve British inches to the foot, by the grace of God. We have read somewhere that we are indebted for our yard to the fore-arm of his Most Christian Majesty, King Henry VII., which, since the yard is a multiple of the inch, is another proof of divine care in preserving for us an infallible standard. And we recommend these considerations to the people before they adopt the infidel system which Congress has offered them. Especially would we warn shop-keepers to be on their guard, lest at the next session a law be passed enforcing the system, whereas it is now merely tolerated, and lest by some "eight-hour movement" a clause be inserted requiring a metre of cloth or of carpeting to be sold at the rates formerly asked for a yard—which would be, as any one may compute, a dead loss of three and thirty-seven one-hundredths (3.37) inches on every metre thus sold. The dismay that this would occasion in every Christian household, at the present prices of goods, may well be imagined, and we leave it to the intelligent heads thereof to decide how they shall put the metre in as bad odor, say, as the meters of the gas companies, or the contract of the city scavengers.

The article in question appears in the *Episcopalian* of June 20, and we commend it to the attention of anybody who wants to see the mischief that may be done by allowing silly people to ventilate their silly opinions in journals formally devoted to the defence and exposition of religious truth.

Correspondence.

"DOES ANY ONE TELL THE TRUTH?"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

If your contributor, "L.," in the number for June 22d, had confined himself to answering *this* question in the negative, I should have no controversy with him. For an absolutely truthful person, in word and deed, is so very rare that one may be excused for doubting whether there is any such character extant. But when "L." undertakes to prove that it is neither possible nor desirable to get rid of all deception, in the present state of society, he promulgates a doctrine of the most dangerous character, and all the more because it so readily falls in with the prevailing habits of the world. His thesis is: Society cannot get along without lies. And the reasons are, that much of the truth we should be compelled to hear would be of a disagreeable nature; that true courtesy obliges one often to give a false impression of one's real feelings; that we need the protection of a lie, too, to guard ourselves against impertinent and malicious people, etc. Now, to my mind, these arguments amount to nothing more than an admission that it is often extremely difficult to speak the truth. Let us look at the question of courtesy, as presenting a very common difficulty, and one which has disturbed many conscientious persons. A man comes to my house whom I do not particularly respect, nay, whom, perhaps, I have had cause to despise. Courtesy, nevertheless, requires that I should treat him civilly. I ask him to come in and to take a seat while transacting with me the business he has in hand. Is there any deception here, wilful or otherwise? I do, indeed, suppress and keep back part of the truth; but "L." admits that this is not inconsistent with veracity. I do not tell him how contemptible he is in my eyes. Why should I? But I show him the attention of common civility—nothing more. If he shall proceed to infer from this that I do not disapprove his behavior in the past he alone is responsible for the inference, not I. It is plainly no fault of mine if he shall pervert an instance of the merest civility into an expression of approval. How many thousands of persons are the objects of Christian charity every day who know at the same time that they have no title to the respect of those who thus befriend them! I am aware that many persons deem it necessary to politeness to go much further than in the case supposed. They do not scruple to assure every casual acquaintance, or even some notoriously disagreeable person, how very glad they are to meet him. They make it a point always to give the expected response to any demand for admiration and the like, whether true or not. This is, indeed, a courtesy which cannot be reconciled with veracity; but I deny that it is either necessary or desirable to the maintenance of true social feeling and kindly relations. It is simply a shield for the moral cowardice which *never* dares utter a disagreeable truth.

The one great point which "L." seems to me to have left out of sight in his argument is, that there is such a thing as speaking the truth *in love*. Would he regard those as "brutal" who should thus speak? Has it never been his good fortune to see one of those loving natures who "can say anything they please," even the most unpalatable truths, and yet never give offence, except, perhaps, to those churlish dispositions whom nothing can tame? We hear of some persons who are "privileged" to speak the truth. Where such a privilege is freely granted them, is it not because they never abuse it to purposes of malice or contempt, but always use the truth in the interests of charity.

It seems to me, also, that your contributor mistakes by not discriminating between deception and *leaving one in ignorance*. Many things in social life which look at first like an intention to deceive are simply the result of a purpose to leave another in ignorance of our real feelings. This purpose may be quite consistent with strict sincerity. Thus, if a friend calls upon me when I am distracted with business or overwhelmed with grief, a true politeness admonishes me to throw off this burden for a time, if possible, that I may enter into my friend's affairs with proper sympathy. I strive to forget my own troubles for his sake; and if I cannot quite do that, I resolve that I will let no clouds *appear* in my words or demeanor. This is not, or at least need not be, insincere. But, "L." would ask, Does not your friend go away *deceived* as to the real state of your feelings? And do you not know that he will be thus deceived? I answer, no. Ignorant he may be, but not deceived, for I have not intended to falsify anything to him. My sole effort has been to hide from him the trouble which was making me an unfit companion. Such concealment may have the effect, sometimes, of wilful deception; but that circumstance alone does not stamp it with the *guilt* of falsehood. Guilt lies in intention. I am not chargeable with intention to deceive merely because I have reason to think that one may go away from my presence with

a wrong impression of my real state of mind. It would be putting a tremendous responsibility upon us to say that we are accountable for every wrong impression which one may receive from our words or conduct. The question to be first asked is: Did he necessarily receive that impression? Was no other interpretation possible? And did we designedly mislead?

Let me say a word about the supposed right of "protection" from impertinent questioners. To assert this right to the extent that your contributor does, seems to imply that right may sometimes be enforced by wrong. I may like to protect myself from many annoyances, but both human and divine law prescribes a limit to my means of doing this. I should be glad to save my fruit garden from midnight thieves, but I may not shoot them down for this purpose. Is it not simply one of the sacrifices we make for the privilege of human society that we accept that society as it is—its evil as well as its good? As to the authorship of anonymous pamphlets, the simplest course seems to me best. I would simply reply to such a questioner: I do not choose to answer. But he would say: Then I know you wrote it. To which I should rejoin: You may make what inference you please. He could not really know, thought he might have strong reason to suspect; for it is certainly conceivable that I might refuse to answer for the sake of shielding a friend, and not myself.

But it is to me strangest of all, how your contributor seems to have overlooked the fact that truth is an essential bond of society. Not falsehood, but truthfulness, binds men together. I must confide in my neighbor's honesty if he is to be my neighbor indeed; and just so far as that confidence is weakened by an insincere word or deed on his part, so far is the whole social fabric endangered. Love based upon truth, truth spoken in love—who can deny that these are the primal and essential conditions of human fellowship? Apply these conditions to all the minutiae of daily intercourse, and I am sure the "oil" would not be wanting to the social machinery. The necessity even for *concealment* would become less every day. Men and women would rejoice in the privilege of being frank without suspicion of rudeness, and "plain-spoken" without any lack of tenderness and true courtesy.

W. S.

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FINANCIAL REVIEW.

NATION OFFICE, Thursday, July 2, 1866.

THE actual declaration of war in Europe has produced no further effect upon our securities. Five-twenties are still quoted at 64½ to 64¾, and Erie 40½ to 41. The latter has been maintained by an enquiry for export to this country. Cotton is quoted weaker; but this is ascribed as much to the defeat of the British Ministry on the reform bill as to the news from the Continent. Unless gold should advance materially on this side, we have probably seen the lowest European quotations for 520s.

Approximate estimates of the foreign commerce of the United States for the fiscal year 1865-6, which ended on Saturday evening last, are being published in some of the journals. From these it would appear that we imported \$401,865,000 of foreign goods (gold valuation), and exported \$487,445,000 of produce and merchandise (currency valuation). Reducing the latter to the standard of gold the figures would stand thus:

Imports for 1865-6.....	\$401,865,000
Exports of produce (gold).....	\$348,175,000
Do. of specie.....	78,100,000
	426,275,000

Excess of exports..... \$24,710,000

This is exclusive of the movement of securities, of which many millions worth went to Europe during the year. The customs revenue for the year is estimated at \$175,878,000, the largest

HARPER & BROTHERS.

FOUR YEARS IN THE SADDLE. Col. Harry Gilmer. \$ 20
PHOENIX KELLER. F. G. Trafford. A novel.

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N. TIBBALS.

THE METHODIST PICTORIAL CENTENNIAL. Sixty-eight pictures. Adv. p. 815. 25

revenue on record; the average duty paid on imports is 47½ per cent., a heavier tax than is paid by any other people in the world.

Government begins to-day to pay the interest on the third series of the 7.30 notes, and on a large proportion of the funded debt; altogether \$10,000,000 of gold and \$8,500,000 in currency will be disbursed. The gold payments will relieve the gold market very sensibly. On Saturday gold was worth ½ per cent. for immediate delivery. The price has fluctuated since we last wrote between 151½ and 155. To-day, at 3 P.M., it stands at 154. Bankers' bills can still be bought at 108½, at which rate there can be no shipments of coin to any extent.

Money continues very easy indeed. Call loans are 4 to 5 per cent., and good mercantile paper at short dates 5 to 6. The banks are greatly distressed to know what to do with their funds.

Stocks, with the exception of Governments and Erie, are very inactive but steady. Governments are in active demand at full prices. It is confidently expected that they will, in the course of ninety days, take back all the bonds they have sent us during the past month. Erie is higher on a clique movement, which is supposed to be intended to corner Mr. Drew. It has sold as high as 63½. Nothing further has transpired with regard to the dividend on the preferred stock. The owners of the Harlem Railroad have declared a dividend of 4 per cent. on both common and preferred stock, so this long neglected fancy may again become active. Reading is selling dividend off, and is steady. The other cliqued stocks are inactive; nobody seems to want either to buy or to sell them.

The following table will show the course of the stock, gold, exchange, and money markets since our last issue:

	June 25.	June 28.	July 2.	Adv.	Dec.
U. S. Sixes of 1881.....	106	106½	106½	106	106
5-20 Bonds, old.....	103½	103½	104½	1	104
5-20 Bonds of 1865.....	102½	103	103½	103	103
10-40 Bonds.....	96½	96½	97½	97	97
7.30 Notes, second series.....	102½	103½	103½	103	103
New York Central.....	98½	98½	98½	98	98
Erie Railway.....	58½	60½	63	2½	63
Hudson River.....	111	112	112	112	112
Reading Railroad.....	108½	109½	104½	104	104
Michigan Southern.....	78½	78½	78½	78	78
Cleveland and Pittsburgh.....	82½	83½	88½	88	88
Chicago and North-west.....	29½	30½	30	30	30
Chicago and N.-W., Pref.....	58½	59½	59½	59	59
Chicago and Rock Island.....	93	94½	94	94	94
P., Ft. Wayne, and Chicago.....	98	98½	95½	95	95
Canton.....	55	53½	54½	54	54
Cumberland.....	44½	45	45	45	45
Mariposa.....	11½	11	10½	10	10
American Gold.....	153½	151½	154	154	154
Bankers' Bills on London.....	108½	108½	108½	108	108
Call Loans.....	5	5	5	5	5

* Ex. dividend.

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INSURANCE COMPANY**
OF NEW YORK,
OFFICE, 135 BROADWAY.

Cash Capital, - - - \$2,000,000 00
Assets, 1st Jan., 1866, 3,598,674 14
Liabilities, - - - 153,746 24
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INLAND
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WHERE TO INSURE.

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ASSETS, over - - - \$1,500,000
RECEIPTS for the year, over - - 700,000
DIVIDEND paid during present fiscal year 69,160
TOTAL DIVIDENDS paid - - - 419,000
TOTAL LOSSES paid - - - 944,042

NEW FEATURES—NEW TABLES,

By which all Policies are NON-FORFEITING and ENDOWMENT, payable at about the same cost as ordinary Life and Ten-Payment Policies payable at death only. We call special attention to these Tables as exceedingly attractive and ORIGINAL with the UNION. In case payments are discontinued, after two premiums have been paid, the Company contract to pay, AT DEATH or the SPECIFIED AGE, an amount in proportion to the number of premiums paid.

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Incorporated in 1816.

LOSSES PAID IN 46 YEARS..... \$17,485,894 71

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L. J. HENDEE, President.

Assets January 1, 1866, \$4,067,455 80

Claims not due and unadjusted,..... 244,391 43

Persons desiring ample security against loss and damage by fire may obtain policies at fair rates.

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Agents wanted.

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MAKE THE
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This is one of the OLDEST, SAFEST, and most SUCCESSFUL life insurance companies in the United States, and offers advantages not excelled and, in some respects, not equalled by any other. It has paid to widows and orphans of the assured THREE MILLION FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS. Its Trustees in New York City are of the very first and most reliable names.
It is STRICTLY MUTUAL, the policy holders receiving the entire profits.
Premiums received QUARTERLY, SEMI-ANNUALLY, or ANNUALLY, at the option of the assured. Policies issued in all the various forms of WHOLE LIFE, SHORT TERM, ENDOWMENT, ANNUITY, etc.
DIVIDENDS DECLARED ANNUALLY (for 1864 and 1865, each 50 per cent.)

The mortality among its members has been proportionately less than that of any other life insurance company in America—a result consequent on a most careful and judicious selection of lives, and one of great importance to policy-holders.

It offers to the assured the most abundant security in a large accumulated fund, amounting now to over

FIVE MILLIONS OF DOLLARS.
It accommodates its members in the settlement of their premiums, by granting, when desired, a credit at once on account of future dividends, thus furnishing insurance for nearly double the amount for about the same cash payment as is required in an "all cash company."

The annual income, exclusive of interest on investments, now exceeds

Two and a Half Million Dollars.
The following is a summary of the Company's business for the year 1865:
Number of Policies issued, . . . 5,133
Insuring the sum of, . . . \$16,324,888
Received for Premiums and Interest, . . . \$2,312,890 40
Losses, Expenses, and Dividends paid, . . . 1,118,901 25
Balance in favor of Policy-Holders, . . . \$1,223,919 15
Total Assets, January 1, 1865, . . . \$4,881,919 70

THE NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE CO.
Originated and introduced the *New Feature*, known as
THE NON-FORFEITURE PLAN,
which is rapidly superseding the old system of life-long payments, and has revolutionized the system of Life Insurance in the United States. It has received the unqualified approval of the best business men in the land, large numbers of whom have taken out policies under it, purely as an investment.

A new schedule of rates has been adopted, under which the insurer may cease paying at any time without forfeiture of past payments; and at the

END OF TEN YEARS ALL PAYMENTS CEASE ENTIRELY, and the policy thenceforward becomes a source of income to him. To secure this result the annual rate of insurance must, of course, be a-mewhat higher. But almost any person in active business would greatly prefer paying a higher rate for a limited time, and be done with it, to incurring a life long obligation, however small.

By the table on which this class of policies is based, a person incurs no risk in taking out a policy. Insuring to-day for \$5,000, if he dies to-morrow the \$5,000 immediately becomes a claim; and if he lives ten years, and makes ten annual payments, his policy is paid up—nothing more to pay, and still his dividends continue, making

HIS LIFE POLICY
A SOURCE OF INCOME TO HIM WHILE LIVING.

The only weighty argument offered against Life Insurance is, that a party might pay in for a number of years, and then, by inadvertence, inability, etc., be unable to continue paying, thereby losing all he had paid. The "New York Life" have obviated this objection by their

TEN YEAR NON-FORFEITURE PLAN.
A party, by this table, after the second year, cannot forfeit any part of what has been paid in.

This feature, among others, has given to this Company a success unparalleled in the history of Life Insurance.

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There has been paid to the widows and orphans of members of this Company an aggregate sum exceeding **\$3,500,000.**

The dividends paid (return premiums) exceed **\$1,700,000.**

Parties applying for Policies, or desirous of connecting themselves with the Company as Agents, will please address the Home Office either personally or by letter.

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The undersigned have associated under the above title for the business of advising on matters of location, and furnishing Designs and Superintendence for Architectural and Engineering Works, including the Laying-out of Towns, Villages, Parks, Cemeteries, and Gardens.

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PIANO-FORTES

Have taken Thirty-two First Premiums, Gold and Silver Medals, at the Principal Fairs held in this country within the last ten years, and in addition thereto they were awarded a First Prize Medal at the Great International Exhibition in London, 1862, in competition with 269 Pianos from all parts of the World.

That the great superiority of these instruments is now universally conceded is abundantly proven by the fact that Messrs. Steinway's "scales, improvements, and peculiarities of construction" have been copied by the great majority of the manufacturers of both hemispheres (AS CLOSELY AS COULD BE DONE WITHOUT INFRINGEMENT OF PATENT RIGHTS) and that their instruments are used by the most eminent pianists of Europe and America, who prefer them for their own public and private use, whenever accessible.

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which, having been practically tested in all their grand and highest-priced Square Pianos, and admitted to be one of the greatest improvements of modern times, will hereafter be introduced in EVERY PIANO MANUFACTURED BY THEM WITHOUT INCREASE OF COST to the purchaser, in order that ALL their patrons may reap its benefits.

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